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JULY 16, 1859.

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The next half-year begins on Tuesday, August 2. Mr. Ingle proposes to return to Ely on the evening of July 25th.

PROPOSED BANQUET and TESTIMONIAL to CHARLES KEAN, F.S.A.

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The above noblemen and gentlemen, educated at Eton, nearly all of them contemporary with Mr. Charles Kean, have formed themselves into a Committee for the purpose of inviting their old schoolfellow to a banquet on the occasion of his retiring from the management of the Princess's Theatre, and of presenting him with a testimonial to mark their sense of his distinguished talent. The Committee further considering that the right of acknowledging Mr. Kean's services belongs to the nation at large, are anxious that the public should unite with them in testifying their admiration for one who has so long and so successfully laboured to provide for their intellectual enjoyment, and who has done so much towards upholding the dignity and high character of the national stage. Subscriptions for the Kean Testimonial will be received by the following bankers: Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand, London; the Union Bank, Pall-mall; and Messrs. Roberts, Curtis, and Co. The public are respectfully invited that the dinner will take place at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on Wednesday the 20th of July, at 7 o'clock. The Earl of Carlisle in the chair. Gentlemen wishing to be present on the occasion can obtain tickets, One Guinea each, at the places undermentioned, where subscriptions for the Kean Testimonial will also be received: Sams's Royal Library, 1, St. James's-street; Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; at Chappell's, 50, New Bond-street; Cramer and Beale's, 201, Regent-street; and Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, Cheapside. All communications for the Kean Testimonial to be addressed to the Hon. Sec., Thomas Henry Taunton, Esq., at Mr. Sams's, Royal Library, 1, St. James's-street.

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CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.
The SUBSCRIPTION LISTS for this year will be CLOSED on THURSDAY, 21st July.
The DRAWING for the PRIZES will take place at the Crystal Palace on the following THURSDAY, viz., the 28th July, commencing at Two o'clock, when the Report of the Council and a Statement of Accounts will be submitted to the Subscribers, who will have free admittance to the Palace and Grounds on that day, upon presenting their subscription receipts for the year.
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The Council has also to acknowledge the following offers,
viz.: Messrs. R. Phillips, 23, Cockspur-street, a clock for the
central building; Messrs. James Hartley and Co., Sunderland,
the glass required for the building; Andrew Arcedecke, Esq.,
a punchon of rum from his estate in Jamaica; The Rev. J. T. C.
Fawcett, of Kidwichey Vicarage, dramatic works from the
Library of the late John Fawcett, Esq., Theatre Royal Covent
Garden; Neville H. Burnard, Esq., a bust of the celebrated
Samuel Foote, Esq., formerly proprietor of the Theatre Royal
Haymarket, by Bacon, R.A.; The Hopton Wood Stone Com-
pany, a chimney-piece of Derbyshire fossil marble, suitable for
the Hall, according to a design to be furnished; J. E. Jones,
Esq., his original model of his bust of Charles Keane, Esq.,
F.S.A.; George Myers, Esq., Foundry, Whitechapel, bell for
Tower of Central Hall.

The foundation-stone of the building will be laid early in
August next; due notice will be given of the date.
Donations and subscriptions will be received by members of
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street.
J. W. ANSON, Secretary.
Royal Dramatic College office, 15, Bedford-street,
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THE CRITIC.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

PEACE HAS COME BACK TO US, and let us be thankful for the boon. She is here; let us not look too inquisitively at her, lest we offend her. How long she will stay none can undertake to say. It may be that we have no faith in the thin crust that forms on the top of a lava stream. Perhaps also the bird that bears the olive branch is somewhat too dabbled with blood, and her beak and claws much too like the order *Raptores*, to pass for a genuine dove; never mind, we must take Peace as we can get her, and be thankful for her while she lasts. It is some relief that the dreadful nightmare which has prevailed over the Arts of Peace, checking even the flow of intelligence and causing publishers to hold their hands, is past, if only for a season; and though our enjoyment of the respite may be marred by the reflection that it is but temporary, let us enjoy it whilst we may.

A petulant and pompous contemporary, who usually claims to have the first and last words upon literary questions, has thought fit to lecture Mr. HAMILTON upon his recent letter on the Shaksperian emendations in the Collier folio. The tone he has thought fit to adopt is so ridiculously absurd, we cannot pass it by without notice. Nothing could be more unjust, if it were not that at the same time nothing could be more laughable, than the manner in which Mr. HAMILTON is schooled and scolded. He is "a gentleman, as we learn on inquiry at the Museum, filling a subordinate post in the MSS. department of that library;" he "must be a very young writer and a very young gentleman if he conceives that such a tone as he employs in his letter, such reckless insinuations of literary dishonesty and such monstrous charges of 'fabrication' as he permits himself to indulge in, is either becoming in a public servant, dating his epistle from the British Museum, and to a certain extent committing the trustees and the public by his vagaries, or respectful to the noble lender of the folio." Hoity, toity! here is a coil. Mr. HAMILTON, in the first place, be it said, is a gentleman, whose general acquirements, and whose particular knowledge of the subject with which he professes to deal, have procured for him the esteem of all who have the pleasure to know him. Not only in these qualities, but in all others which adorn a scholar and a gentleman, we believe him to be very much superior to the writer who has had the bad taste to attempt to degrade him by sneering at him as "a public servant." That he is a public servant, in that he receives public money for services rendered, is true; but so then is Mr. PANIZZI, so his own immediate superior officer, Sir F. MADDEN. There is nothing in Mr. HAMILTON's position that should impose upon him any undue humility that there is not in these respected gentlemen. As for the letter itself, nothing but an utter want of understanding or the most perverse determination to misunderstand could wrest and distort a single sentence of it into an accusation, or an impertinence to any particular person. Mr. COLLIER has chosen to assume the cap, and has construed Mr. HAMILTON's letter as a direct accusation against himself. All that we can say is, that there is nothing in the letter itself to warrant such a conclusion. Mr. HAMILTON, by the exercise of his own faculties and the application of his knowledge, discovers that a fraud had been committed, by whom it is not possible to say; and Mr. COLLIER has chosen to assume that he is the person accused. Does not the old proverb hold good here? "*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.*"

A new expedition in search of the sources of the Nile—the tenth or eleventh of its kind since 1840—has just set out from France, under the guidance of a Venetian gentleman, Signor MIANI. The plan by which this new explorer tries to succeed in his difficult undertaking is a comparatively novel one, and it may therefore not be uninteresting to give here a short notice of it. Signor MIANI has been settled for many years at Cairo, in Egypt, and, studying there the question of African travel in frequent communication with the natives, he came to the conclusion that to succeed in penetrating into the interior of the vast and unknown continent it would be necessary to work, not only upon upon the fears and the cupidity, but still more upon the powerful imagination, of the inhabitants. Having ripened his plans, Signor MIANI came to Paris in the course of last winter, sought and obtained an interview with the Emperor, and had at once and without delay his demands for assistance granted. After six months of preparation, he has now started with a good staff of general assistants, of artists, and scientific men. In his suite are MM. DUMAS, PEJHOUX, ROUSSEL, and some other notabilities; and it was in the plan also to take M. HOUDIN, the renowned *prestidigitateur*, or "wizard," but this gentleman refused. In his stead there are now diverse apparatuses for throwing out flames, electric sparks, and similar things for "astonishing the natives;" as also a regular assortment of masks of the most hideous character. All the men constituting the expedition can change themselves, if necessary, in a few minutes, into so many lions, panthers, crocodiles, and horned owls. The expedition will take for its head-quarters Kartoum, a place in Upper Egypt, where the Nile separates into two branches, called respectively the White and the Blue Nile. The caravan from thence will traverse Nubia, the Sennaar, and Abyssinia, exploring all these countries as far as possible, and trying, in particular, to find the famous tribe of Niams, who, according to a recent French traveller, have *bonâ fide* tails. Finally, should the source of the Nile not be discovered in this direc-

tion, Sig. MIANI intends turning to the West, and gaining the ocean, and with it an English or French vessel, at the coast of Zanzibar.

A supplement to the *London Gazette*, published on Wednesday, contains the new statutes framed by the Cambridge University Commissioners for the future government and regulation of Trinity and St. John's Colleges. According to those statutes the foundation of Trinity is to consist of a Master, sixty Fellows at least, seventy-two Scholars at least, four Chaplains, a Librarian, three Professors, and twenty-four poor men, to be increased from time to time as provided. Subsequent statutes apply to the qualifications and duties of the Master and his removal, to the government of the college, religious worship, the duties of the bursar, preservation of the rights of existing Fellows, and the distribution of revenues.

Some of our Cambridge readers will wonder who the twenty-four poor men on the foundation of the college are, for we find that they are supposed to have existed at least since the seventh year of HER MAJESTY's reign. Their existence will, we fancy, be new even to most of the present students at the Royal Foundation of Trinity. Some very important changes have been made in the tenure of Fellowships at Trinity. Every Fellow who holds any professorship or public lectureship of the University (the clear annual value of which does not exceed 800*l.* per annum), or the office of public orator, librarian, or registry, may, notwithstanding his marriage, retain his Fellowship so long as he continues to hold any such professorship or public lectureship, &c. Every Fellow who has served the University for a period of not less than ten years in the office of professor or public lecturer may, by a resolution of the Master and sixteen Fellows, be allowed, whether married or not, to retain his Fellowship after ceasing to hold such office. No married Fellow, however, can in any case reside in college nor be one of the eight seniors. Apparently, Fellows henceforth are not necessarily—as a condition of holding their Fellowships at Trinity College—obliged to take holy orders after a certain time from the date of their degrees. The rights of the present Master and all Fellows elected before the confirmation of these statutes are to be regulated by the previously existing statutes, unless the Master or any Fellows shall elect to be placed under the operation of the present statutes. The changes made in the statutes of St. John's College are somewhat similar; and, on the whole, it appears to us undeniable that they are greatly for the advantage of the University. Doubtless, now that the two most important colleges in Cambridge have revised their statutes, others will not be slow to follow their example.

Perhaps a good many of our readers are not aware that in England the privilege of printing the Bible is confined to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the firm of EYRE and SPOTTISWOODE. Protection to the Bible (in the form of a monopoly) still exists where, we think, free trade would be far preferable. Of course, objectors urge that Bibles are now sufficiently cheap and correct; and that if any person might, at his option, publish them, they would scarcely be cheaper, and probably much less correct. We can only say that our opinion is that they would be improved in each of these points, more especially in the matter of cheapness. That Bibles are now very correctly printed in general we willingly admit; and this even though in one old edition the word "not" was omitted in the Seventh Commandment—an error for which the unfortunate printer atoned bitterly—and though another transformed "the parable of the vineyard" into "the parable of the vinegar." We maintain that Bibles might, if free trade in them were allowed, be printed on better paper and in larger type for the same price at which any of the minutely-small-typed, eye-torturing editions are now sold. In Ireland and Scotland no monopoly exists. In the former country Lord Chancellor CLARKE, we believe, swept away, by a declaration from the woolsack, the supposed rights of the patentee in the monopoly of Bibles. We conclude that some compensation would necessarily have to be made to the two Universities and the QUEEN'S Printers; and we think that this might easily be done in the former case by giving up some portion of the matriculation fees paid by students to Government for the use of the Universities; and doubtless some arrangement could as easily be made with Messrs. EYRE and SPOTTISWOODE, whose profits have been woefully diminished since the non-renewal of the Scotch patent in 1837. We have made these observations *à propos* of Mr. BAINES, M.P., having on Monday last, in the House of Commons, asked the Secretary of State for the Home Department whether it was the intention of the Government, on the approaching expiration of the patent of the QUEEN'S Printer for England and Wales, 21st January 1860, to propose the renewal of that patent so far as it related to the printing of Bibles and Testaments. The Home Secretary, without giving a decided answer, said that ample opportunity would be afforded to any member to bring the subject to the notice of the House of Commons before the patent was renewed.

The perusal of the Newdigate Prize Poem, lately recited in the Sheldonian Theatre, suggests a few reflections as to the ultimate utility of such exertions. We are not, of course, so unreasonable as to expect a first-class composition for a prize poem. We know that it is contrary to every rule which governs the production of poetry that it should arise out of anything in the nature of a competition. If the slightest doubt existed as to this, the unhappy experiment at the Crystal Palace in January last should have dispelled it. Still, however, our great Universities persevere in offering a prize for the best English poem, and each year they receive compositions such as must

fill Apollo and the Muses with awe rather than with delight; and from these they must perforce select one for the prize which is on an average several degrees in merit below the compositions of Mr. NAHUM TATE. It is recorded that once—and once only—did the wreath fall upon a worthy head. ALFRED TENNYSON once won a prize for an English poem at Cambridge; though tradition does mysteriously whisper that the fortunate award, whereby the prize was given to a true poet, was due to a mistake and a mystification among the examiners. And yet, perhaps, even this can hardly be quoted as an exception to the rule; for we have yet to learn that Mr. TENNYSON is now particularly proud of his achievement, and we certainly have never yet met with a poem upon Timbuctoo in any of the collected editions of the Laureate's works. An ingenious friend of ours has suggested as a plausible reason for the continuance of the prize-poem that it has the effect of dissuading all the competitors from ever attempting to write a verse again. If this be so, something is certainly gained.

We have been led into these observations by the perusal of the curious composition of Mr. ANTHONY S. OGDEN, the writer of the "Newdigate Prize Poem" for this year, the subject of which was "Lucknow." Two verses of this will serve for a specimen:

Sad, as when nations weep their great ones gone
Sweet when they tell their gallant actions done,
For noble Lawrence dies; whose cheering eye
Has been the star of that sad company,
Whose lion courage and whose wisdom tried,
To failing hearts his own stout hope supplied.
Oh, greedy Death! oh cruel bursting shell!
Then fell their tower of strength when Lawrence fell.
Oh, sad that he must leave his load of care
For those e'en now o'erladen souls to bear:
Still heavier that his warning voice is mute,
Ever in danger loud and resolute!
Yes! he must go; but now before he dies,
While racked by that last agony he lies,
Elijah-like he lets his mantle fall
In words of hope, and peace and love to all.

But he whose hand was foremost to their aid,
And now has slackened from the battle blade;
Whose ears are closed upon the cannon's roar,
Whose Captain's voice will rule the fight no more—
Where have they made his grave, "the hero we deplore"?
There, in the land where those high deeds were done,
He sleeps in peace beneath the Indian sun;
No guarded state or regal canopies.
Though round his grave the jungle grass has grown—
His lonely grave, by one rude letter known—
Yet shall no heart forget our Havelock's name;
All ears have heard, all tongues can tell his fame.
For his no life that long inactive slept,
Then suddenly into a brightness leapt;
But he was one, brave heart, who ever knew
The "work of life," and knowing it could do,
And doing clomb with toil the steep ascent,
And built him day by day a lasting monument.

We are informed that when these and some similar lines were recited, the audience, especially the lady part, applauded vehemently.

Well, all that we can say is, that there is no accounting for taste; but if the authorities of the University of Oxford expect to do those in *statu pupillari* any good by inciting them to the composition of such balderdash, we believe that they will find themselves very much mistaken.

We perceive from some controversy which is proceeding in certain American literary papers that some doubt has arisen as to the value of Dr. WEBSTER's English, or more properly Anglo-American, dictionary. We have not yet seen the new dictionary by Dr. J. E. WORCESTER, and cannot therefore speak absolutely as to its merits. What we do know, however, is satisfactory. Dr. WORCESTER eschews the perverse blunders into which Dr. WEBSTER obstinately fell, and as obstinately persisted in; and it will be something to know that a lexicographer has risen up in America learned enough to know that "theatre" ought not to be spelt "theater," nor "traveller" with one l. These solecisms, together with the purism which is affected in this country of spelling words ending in "vice" with "vise," are, however, all but universal in the United States. Apart from the philological considerations involved in this, the advantages of a uniform mode of orthography are too obvious to need explanation, and so long as the citizens of the States choose to preserve the mother tongue, it is but reasonable to expect them to adhere to the custom and practice of the mother country. We have not, like the French, an Academy, or indeed any other tribunal, for the absolute settlement of such questions; and perhaps it is a pity that we have not. Meantime, however, those who use the language should be content to follow the custom, rather than wander out of the way for the gratification of their own whims and individual fancies.

The third number of *Once a Week* is before the public, and this new publication, started by Messrs. BRADBURY and EVANS in opposition to Mr. DICKENS and his *All the Year Round*, has had a fair trial. And what is the verdict? With the majority of readers, we fancy, "A failure." So certainly think we. Three numbers, and, in spite of the great names paraded in connection with the work, nothing that indicates the presence of anything higher than fourth-rate talent. The opening address, which was knowingly said by a contemporary to be equally worthy of the learning and wit of its writer, illustrated the first by a false quantity in *adsūmus* and the latter by the absence of a joke. The current number has a poem by ALFRED TENNYSON, of which perhaps the less said the better for the fame of the poet. No excuse, not even the payment of a hundred guineas, can excuse the Laureate for such a mode of trifling with his reputation. The publishers need hardly have protected the poem by a note at the foot of the page, for it is not likely that any one would wish to rob them of it. To be brief, the great mistake in *Once a Week* lies in the attempt to make a thing succeed by good names rather than good works. The names are admirable. Can we say as much for the writing?

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE LAUREATE'S NEW POEM.

Idylls of the King. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., Poet Laureate.
London: Edward Moxon and Co. pp. 261.

OF ALL THE SUBJECTS chosen by Mr. Tennyson for the exercise of his muse, that which evidently comes nearest to his own *beau idéal*, and certainly that which he has treated in his best and happiest moods, is the Court of Arthur and the adventures of that band of knights who composed his Round Table. It is not for the first time that the readers of Mr. Tennyson are now made acquainted with the "blameless king"—*flos regum Arthurus*; Queen Guinevere; Sir Launcelot, the peerless; Sir Bedivere, and the spotless Galahad. Often and often has he touched upon that golden, faëry age of English history, and always, whether he sung the piteous fate of the Lady of Shalott who died for the love of Lancelot, or Sir Galahad seeking the Holy Grail, or that grandly solemn narrative of death "Morte d'Arthur," it has been to achieve one of those masterpieces which render him easily the first poet of this generation. It has been well known, among those who have singled out the last great fragment above alluded to as the greatest of his efforts, that it was but a specimen of a great epic to come, and that, if the poet lived to carry out his intention, we might one day see a mighty and a matchless work, telling the whole tale of the great Silurian prince and his knights, from his first essay after the high dignity of the Pendragonship down to that fatal battle fought with his traitorous nephew Modred, at Camlan in Cornwall—that fight "by the wintry sea," wherein

All King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonnesse about their lord,
King Arthur.

This expectation, however, is destined to a still further postponement, for the volume now before us contains only four fragments of the great Arthur Epic; longer and more complicated works than "Morte d'Arthur" it is true, yet fragments indubitably.

Perhaps the course likely to give most satisfaction to the reader will be to take these four *Idylls* separately, and give a slight descrip-

tion of the plot of each, introducing such passages as appear to us most admirable.

The first is called "Enid," a maiden who is married to Sir Geraint, one of Arthur's most celebrated knights. Conceiving that Guinevere had been insulted by a stranger knight, Geraint rides after him, vowing to fight him and have his name. In his quest he falls in with Earl Yniol and his beauteous daughter Enid, whom the knight loves at first sight. Inquiry leads him to the fact that the object of his pursuit is nephew to Yniol, a cruel, proud and treacherous knight, who has traitorously deprived his uncle of his earldom and his lands, and has forced him and the fair Enid to live in poverty. Geraint has now another object in fighting this fellow, whom he overcomes and forces to restore the earldom and the lands, and to make fit submission to royal Guinevere. His marriage with the maid follows; and now Geraint gives himself up to silken dalliance and uxoriousness, until—

At last, it chanced that on a summer morn
(They sleeping each by other) the new sun
Beat thro' the blindless casement of the room,
And heated the strong warrior in his dreams;
Who, moving, cast the coverlet aside,
And bared the knotted column of his throat,
The massive square of his heroic breast,
And arms on which the standing muscle sloped,
As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,
Running too vehemently to break upon it.
And Enid woke and sat beside the couch,
Admiring him, and thought within herself,
Was ever man so grandly made as he?
Then, like a shadow, past the people's talk
And accusation of uxoriousness
Across her mind, and bowing over him,
Low to her own heart piteously she said:

"O noble breast and all-puissant arms,
Am I the cause, I the poor cause that men
Reproach you, saying all your force is gone?"

Continuing this piteous wail, Enid accuses herself of being "no true wife," whereupon Geraint, waking up suddenly, and catching only the last words, is filled with a passion of jealousy, and, ordering out his

charger and his arms, commands her to tire herself in her meanest dress and ride forth before him, but to speak no word to him. In this guise they ride forth; but Enid, overhearing the designs of robbers upon her lord, is unable to obey his behest, for pure affection to him. She warns him of his danger, for which he, though he is saved and slays his foes, is very wroth. During the first day, the lance of Geraint is so successful that before nightfall Enid has six horses, with suits of armour, to drive before her. Next day, he is equally victorious, but being at last wounded in an encounter he falls into the hands of Earl Doorm, a robber and a traitor, in whose castle he lies for dead. But Doorm, presuming upon his opportunities, offers an insult to Enid, whereupon her lord, waking up suddenly and being once more fully persuaded of her fidelity, strikes the brute's head off; and lo! opportunely at the moment, and when they seem surely lost through the anger of the bandit's followers, comes Arthur and all the Round Table to bring him off victoriously.

The great beauty of this tale, "Enid," lies in the grace and simplicity of its narration. Some of the pictures, such as that when Geraint first breaks bread in the ruined castle of Enid's father, the joust with Edyrn, and the decapitation of Earl Doorm, are perfect. Perhaps, however, the gem of the poem is a little song, which Enid sings to charm the guest in her father's halls:

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands:
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou art shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

The morals to be drawn from Enid are various; but they principally consist of a warning against effeminacy in love, and above all against jealousy. The character of Enid is perhaps one of the sweetest pieces of feminine portraiture ever limned by Mr. Tennyson.

"Vivien" is the story of a "lissome," wily maid of the Court of Guinevere, who, failing to captivate the heart of the "Spotless King"—at which mark she aimed indeed—attempts to subjugate no less a person than the great sage Merlin himself. The aim is high, but the art is exquisite. Merlin has a charm, which

With woven paces and with waving arms

will imprison whomsoever the charmer will in a hollow tower, so that he become

Lost to life and use and name and fame.

Though Merlin perfectly understands her, the depths of her wiles and the hollowness of her heart, she prevails nevertheless; but whether by the ceaseless importunity of her questionings, or that the old sage is really touched which carnal love for the "lissome" maid, is left in doubt by the poet. So some scandal is suggested against even Merlin, who is punished, however, incontinently; for no sooner has he divulged the charm than the cunning syren turns it against himself;

And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

This poem is chiefly remarkable for the consummate art with which the coaxing seductions of Vivien are portrayed. Never was winsome, feminine devilry so finely and artistically touched upon; never so realised the saw of Ingoldsby that

A laughing woman with two blue eyes
Is the wickedest devil of all.

See this scene:

There lay she all her length and kiss'd his feet,
As if in deepest reverence and in love.
A twist of gold was round her hair: a robe
Of samite without price, that more express'd
Than hid her, clung about her lissome limbs,
In colour like the satin-shining palm.
On shallows in the windy gleams of March:
And while she kiss'd them, crying, "Trample me,
Dear feet, that I have follow'd thro' the world,
And I will pay you worship; tread me down
And I will kiss you for it," he was mute:
So dark a forethought roll'd about his brain,
As on a dull day in an ocean cave
The blind wave feeling round his long sea-hall
In silence: wherefore, when she lifted up
A face of sad appeal, and spake and said,
"O Merlin, do you love me?" and again,
"O Merlin, do you love me?" and once more,
"Great Master, do you love me?" he was mute.
And lissome Vivien, holding by his heel,
Writhed toward him, slid up his knee and sat,
Behind his ankle twined her hollow feet
Together, curv'd an arm about his neck,
Clung like a snake; and letting her left hand
Droop from his mighty shoulder, as a leaf,
Made with her right a comb of pearl to part
The lists of such a beard as youth gone out
Had left in ashes: then he spoke—

How delicate, and yet how wickedly suggestive. Or take this exquisite song, sung by Vivien and learnt of Sir Lancelot.

In love, if love be love, if love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in augit is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping: let it go:
But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no,
And trust me not at all or all in all.

Nor is Merlin's glorious description of a deer hunt—a chase after "the hart with golden horns"—less deserving of quotation:

Far other was the song that once I heard
By this huge oak, sung nearly where we sit:
For here we met, some ten or twelve of us,
To chase a creature that was current then
In these wild woods, the hart with golden horns.
It was the time when first the question rose
About the founding of a Table Round,
That was to be, for love of God and men
And noble deeds, the flower of all the world.
And each incited each to noble deeds.
And while we waited, one, the youngest of us,
We could not keep him silent, out he flash'd,
And into such a song, such fire for fame,
Such trumpet-blowings in it, coming down
To such a stern and iron-clashing close,
That when he stopt we long'd to hurl together.
And should have done it; but the benighted beast
Scared by the noise upstart at our feet,
And like a silver shadow slipt away
Thro' the dim land; and all day long we rode
Thro' the dim land against a rushing wind,
That glorious roundel echoing in our ears,
And chased the flashes of his golden horns
Until they vanish'd by the fairy well
That laughs at iron—as our warriors did—
Where children cast their pins and nails, and cry,
"Laugh, little well," but touch it with a sword,
It buzzes wildly round the point; and there
We lost him: such a noble song was that.

The way in which Vivien succeeded in coaxing the charm out of Merlin is grandly told:

Scarce had she ceased, when out of heaven a bolt
(For now the storm was close above them) struck,
Furrowing a giant oak, and javelining
With darted spikes and splinters of the wood
The dark earth round. He raised his eyes and saw
The tree that shone white-listed thro' the gloom.
But Vivien, fearing heaven had heard her oath,
And dazzled by the livid-flickering fork,
And deafen'd with the stammering cracks and claps
That follow'd, flying back and crying out,
"O Merlin, tho' you do not love me, save,
Yet save me!" clung to him and hugg'd him close;
And call'd him dear protector in her fright,
Nor yet forgot her practice in her fright,
But wrought upon his mood and hugg'd him close.
The pale blood of the wizard at her touch
Took gayer colours, like an opal warm'd.
She blamed herself for telling hearsay tales:
She shook from fear, and for her fault she wept
Of petulance; she call'd him lord and liege,
Her seer, her bard, her silver star of eve,
Her God, her Merlin, the one passionate love
Of her whole life; and ever overhead
Bellow'd the tempest, and the rotten branch
Snapt in the rushing of the river-rain
Above them; and in change of glare and gloom
Her eyes and neck glittering went and came;
Till now the storm, its burst of passion spent,
Moaning and calling out of other lands,
Had left the ravaged woodland yet once more
To peace; and what should not have been had been,
For Merlin, overtalk'd and overworn,
Had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.

"Elaine," the third Idyll, is an amplification of "The Lady of Shalott," which, for this purpose, is slightly altered. Sir Lancelot goes to joust for the big diamond, taken from the crown which Arthur found

Roving the trackless realms of Lyonesse.

Partly because he heard that men said that his opponents were frightened at his name rather than overborne by his strength, and partly to please Queen Guinevere, Lancelot of the Lake resolved to enter the lists unknown, and to that end he took a journey to Astolat and returned with one of the sons of the lord of that castle, of whom he borrowed a shield, and so obtained his wish; for he was not known until his prowess proclaimed him Lancelot. Brief, however, as was his stay at Astolat, it was all too long for one poor heart:

The lily maid Elaine,
Won by the mellow voice before she look'd,
Lifted her eyes, and read his lineaments.
The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,
In battle with the love he bare his lord,
Had marr'd his face, and mark'd it ere his time.
Another sinning on such heights with one,
The flower of all the west and all the world,
Had been the sleeker for it: but in him
His mood was often like a fiend, and rose
And drove him into wastes and solitudes
For agony, who was yet a living soul.
Marr'd as he was, he seem'd the goodliest man,
That ever among ladies ate in hall,
And noblest, when she lifted up her eyes.
However marr'd, of more than twice her years,
Seam'd with an ancient swordcut on the cheek,
And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes
And loved him, with that love which was her doom.

The story is soon told. Lancelot wins the gem, but it is for Guinevere, and Elaine dies of unrequited love. The scene where her body is brought to Camelot in a barge, rowed by a dumb servant of her father, is incomparably finer than even the splendid picture in the "Lady of Shalott":

Then while Sir Lancelot leant, in half disgust
At love, life, all things, on the window ledge,
Close underneath his eyes, and right across
Where these had fallen, slowly past the barge
Whereon the lily maid of Astolat
Lay smiling, like a star in blackest night.

But the wild Queen, who saw not, burst away
To weep and wall in secret; and the barge,
On to the palace doorway sliding, paused,
There two stood arm'd, and kept the door; to whom,
All up the marble stair, tier over tier,
Were added mouths that gaped, and eyes that ask'd
"What is it?" but that carmen's haggard face,
As hard and still as is the face that men
Shape to their fancy's eye from broken rocks
On some cliff-side, appall'd them, and they said,
"He is enchanted, cannot speak—and she,
Look how she sleeps—the Fairy Queen, so fair!
Yea, but how pale! what are they? flesh and blood?
Or come to take the King to fairy land?
For some do hold our Arthur cannot die,
But that he passes into fairy land."

While thus they babbled of the King, the King
Came girt with knights: then turn'd the tongueless man
From the half-face to the full eye, and rose
And pointed to the damsel, and the doors.
So Arthur bad the meek Sir Percivale
And pure Sir Galahad to uplift the maid;
And reverently they bore her into hall.
Then came the fine Gawain and wonder'd at her,
And Lancelot later came and mused at her,
And last the Queen herself, and pitied her:
But Arthur spied the letter in her hand,
Stoop'd, took, brake seal, and read it; this was all.

"Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake,
I, sometime call'd the maid of Astolat,
Come, for you left me taking no farewell,
Hither, to take my last farewell of you.
I loved you, and my love had no return,
And therefore my true love has been my death.
And therefore to our lady Guinevere,
And to all other ladies, I make moan.
Pray for my soul, and yield me burial.
Pray for my soul thou, too, Sir Lancelot,
As thou art a knight peerless."

Thus he read,
And ever in the reading, lords and dames
Wept, looking often from his face who read
To hers which lay so silent, and at times,
So touch'd were they, half-thinking that her lips,
Who had devised the letter, moved again.

Elaine's little song of "Love and Death" has also something in it
inexpressibly sweet:

Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain;
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain:
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.
Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be:
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.
O love, if death be sweeter, let me die.
Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away,
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay,
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.
I fain would follow love, if that could be;
I needs must follow death, who calls for me;
Call, and I follow, I follow! let me die.

The fourth and last of the Idylls is the shortest, and, in our opinion,
the most remote from excellence. The subject is less inviting than
the others, being the shame and repentance of Guinevere. "Guine-
vere" is the Idyll called, and it represents her "in the holy house at
Almesbury," making moan of her guilt to a novice who knows her
not. The little maid bids her be comforted; for what, says she, is
their grief to that of the gracious King, cursed with a sinful wife?
Here too, however, is some glorious poetry; for example, that
splendid parting scene between the King and Guinevere. Of this we
can but quote some extracts as most worthy note. This passage
is very fine, in which "the stainless, selfless" King denounces those
who, for one motive or another, condone adultery:

Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.
I hold that man the worst of public foes
Who either for his own or children's sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house:
For being thro' his cowardice allow'd
Her station, taken everywhere for pure,
She like a new disease, unknown to men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps
The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.
Worst of the worst were that man he that reigns!
Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart
Than thou reseat in thy place of light,
The mockery of my people, and their bane.

And yet he parts not from her without some words of tenderness
and forgiveness:

And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,
Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to play
Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore,
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee—
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,
But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's.
I cannot take thy hand; that too is flesh,
And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd; and mine own flesh.
Here looking down on thine polluted, cries
"I loathe thee!" yet not less, O Guinevere,
For I was ever virgin save for thee,
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
No man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope.

And so he went forth to fight "that great battle in the west" where
he died, and Guinevere was not of those "four queens with crowns
of gold" who bore him in the barge to "the island valley of Avilion."

A long task would it be if we were to quote all the passages in
this remarkable volume which challenge our admiration; we might as
well quote the entire poem. We must frankly confess, however, that
we do not think there is any one passage in the Idylls at all equal
to that magnificent fragment, the "Morte d'Arthur," we sincerely
believe that, taking them altogether, they are by far the noblest poems
that Mr. Tennyson has produced. Although it is well known that
they are the results of long and careful labour, there is nothing
laboured, nothing difficult in them throughout. The work of the
perfect workman stands confessed, but the mark of his tool is nowhere
to be seen. The common complaint among shallow and unappreciat-
ing readers of Mr. Tennyson has no foundation here. No one can
charge him with hiding his thoughts in a maze of words, nor of using
words and phrases difficult to be understood. In his earlier efforts,
Mr. Tennyson *did*, perhaps, yield to a young man's vanity, and make
use of words which ill-natured persons might be inclined to call
pedantic. Some amount of research was needed before the reader
could understand what he meant by "gleams" of curlews, and
many other instances of an apparent pedantry might be quoted. But
in the "Idylls of the King" there is nothing of this; the verse flows
on in a calm majestic stream, through flowery meadow and enamelled
marge; reflecting the noble forms of knights and the graceful ones of
beauties; by champaign and by city; telling of deeds of love and
arms, and picturing in all its nobility, all its splendour, that fine form
of chivalry which Arthur is said to have realised in his own person and
those of his knights. And it is in the reality with which Mr. Tenny-
son has identified himself with that noble chivalry that perhaps the
greatest charm of his poem is to be found. That grand and graceful
blending of strength and beauty, of warlike valour with the virtues of
good-breeding, which was the salvation and the savour of the middle
ages, and which we generalise under the name of Chivalry, is thor-
oughly felt and understood by Mr. Tennyson. There is not a speck of
dirt upon the shields of his heroes, not a blot upon their escutcheons;
even the sin of Lancelot derives a certain dignity from the great
remorse which stirs his manly and heroic heart to its inmost depths.
And what shall we say of Arthur, the pure, the brave, and the
gentle? Him of whom Merlin speaks:

O true and tender! O my liege and king!
O selfless man and stainless gentleman,
Who wouldst against thine own eye-witness fain
Have all men true and leal, all women pure.

But in the battle far otherwise, as witness Lancelot:

And on the mount
Of Badon I myself beheld the King
Charge at the head of all his Table Round,
And all his legions crying Christ and him,
And break them; and I saw him, after, stand
High on a heap of slain, from spur to plume
Red as the rising sun with heathen blood.
And seeing me, with a great voice he cried
"They are broken, they are broken" for the King,
However mild he seems at home, nor cares
For triumph in our mimic wars, the jousts—
For if his own knight cast him down, he laughs
Saying, his knights are better men than he—
Yet in this heathen war the fire of God
Fills him: I never saw his like: there lives
No greater leader.

But we could dwell upon and quote this poem—which all our
readers will read in its entirety—until the whole number were filled.
Here, however, must we stop for the present. Another time we may
see occasion to return to it, and offer such more detailed criticism as
reperusal and reconsideration may invite us to do. But it appeared
to us that this was a matter that admitted of no delay, and that we
should be failing in our duty to our readers if we hesitated in giving
them as soon as possible an opinion of this—certainly the Laureate's
magnum opus.

"SUBLIME TOBACCO!"

Tobacco: its History and Associations. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.,
&c. Chapman and Hall. pp. 332.

IT IS CURIOUS that the history of tobacco should be written,
and, as we hope to convince our readers, well written, by a gen-
tleman who is himself no smoker. The author has, however, many
qualifications for duly fulfilling his task; and the result of his labours
is a truly admirable book, the correct and accurate archaeological
learning of which has not the faintest tinge of dullness or pedantry.
Of course this is not the first time that tobacco has been celebrated
both in prose and verse; but, until the appearance of the volume
before us, no writer, either ancient or modern, has produced any-
thing worth reading a second time; indeed, all the modern books
bearing on the subject which we have seen are mere catchpenny
creatures of an hour, a sort of *crambe repetita* from Joe Miller, King
James's "Counterblast," and some dull medical treatise, which
latter the writer employs *pro* or *con* tobacco, as his sympathies
lead him. Whatever other arguments anti-tobaccoites use, they can-
not any longer, with a due regard to truth, talk of the "poisonous
weed," and enlarge upon the close kinship of the tobacco-plant and
the deadly nightshade. A virulent poison, nicotine, may doubtless be
extracted from tobacco; but so may an equally deadly poison (sola-
nine) from the potato fruit and leaves. In fact, there seems no limit
to the triumphs of that chemistry which can make a nutritious

quartern loaf out of a deal board, and which can as easily find poisons in plants and substances apparently the most innocuous as it can extract healing medicines from others which to the vulgar imagination are pregnant only with death and destruction. Facts, as even that hasty-tempered female Mrs. Gamp allowed, are stubborn things; and we will undertake to show from Mr. Fairholt's statistics that tobacco-smokers are essentially long-lived, quite as easily as the most ardent admirer of "The Counterblast" can prove the exact converse. Let, then, any of our youthful male readers, who have great-aunts or grandmothers who knew some old lady that once knew a smoker who died of too much tobacco, take heart of grace, and call to their assistance the names of such octogenarian smokers as Hobbes, Newton, Parr, &c. At the same time, we do not advocate the necessity of smoking, and hold that, if the use of tobacco be good, its non-use or disuse is still better. What can we say to the young ladies, for, after all, they are the persons whose objections will have most weight with the fraternity of bachelor smokers? Shall we ungallantly hold with Mr. Thackeray that the cigar is a rival to the ladies, and even their conqueror? And shall we exhort them to bear with equanimity those evil days to non-smokers which the author of "Vanity Fair" does not despair of seeing, when bishops shall loll out of the Athenæum with cheroots in their mouths or even pipes stuck in their shovel hats? Or shall we still more ungallantly hold with Sir Edward Bulwer, that tobacco is a softer consolation than woman? "For woman," continues the misogynist, "teases as well as consoles. Woman makes half the sorrows which she boasts the privilege to soothe."

Mr. Fairholt shows that Sir Walter Raleigh was not the first introducer of the fragrant weed among Englishmen, but rather Mr. Ralph Lane, who was sent out by Raleigh as governor of Virginia. Other persons have also been named as entitled to this honour. The author gives us a very curious illustration of a gentleman drinking tobacco; for thus what we call smoking was originally termed, owing, no doubt, as we are told, to the custom of inhaling the tobacco and allowing it to escape through the nose. Mr. Fairholt gives an apt quotation from the comedy of "The Triumphant Widow," which shows that the fashion was probably borrowed from the Indians.

It was not until about ten years after its first introduction into England that satirists began to complain of the habit. At that time, we learn from the volume before us, to take tobacco "with a grace" was almost the necessary qualification of a gentleman; and professors of the art of smoking were to be found who issued stilted announcements as to the skilful manner in which they taught "the rare corollary and practice of the Cuban ebullition, Euripus, and Whiff," and other jargonistic terms which needy tricksters invented to make their art valuable in the eyes of such young donkeys as they could entrap for pupils. Ladies, too—and not always of the free-and-easy kind—were smokers; and we learn from Prynne that in his time women at the theatre were sometimes "offered the tobacco-pipe" as a refreshment instead of apples, which, we suppose, supplied the place of the stale cakes and flat ginger-beer commonly vended in our modern theatres. We have the following quotation which shows that ladies of gentle degree could not always resist the fascinations of tobacco:

Miss Pardoe, in her "History of the Court of Louis XIV.," has shown that the daughters of the Grande Monarque did not disdain to do the same, although he had a great dislike to tobacco. When the ladies became wearied by the "gravity and etiquette of the court circle, they were accustomed to celebrate a species of orgie in their own apartments, after supper; and on one occasion, when the Dauphin had at a late hour quitted the card-table, and, hearing a noise in their quarter of the palace, entered to ascertain its cause, he found them engaged in smoking, and discovered that they had borrowed their pipes from the officers of the Swiss guard!"

Smoking appears to have been originally a very expensive habit, and this circumstance, combined with the popularity of the fragrant weed, quickly led to adulterations; and, unfortunately, "righteous and legitimate tobacco" was soon made, if not unrighteous, at least decidedly illegitimate, by a host of nasty ingredients which the fertile brain of dishonest chapmen discovered as capable of being mixed with tobacco, and yet not easily discovered by any except dainty smokers. Dire too was the crusade set on foot against tobacco smoking in the early part of the seventeenth century. King James, "who held in abhorrence tobacco and witches," raised the duty on tobacco from twopence per pound to six shillings and tenpence, and possibly had the will though not the power to burn tobacco-smokers as well as witches. That

Sublime tobacco which, from east to west,
Cheers the Tar's labour and the Turkman's rest,

was even tabooed in Turkey, and we here of an unfortunate Turk, who in 1610 was conducted through the streets of Constantinople mounted backwards upon an ass, with a tobacco-pipe driven through the cartilage of his nose, for the crime of smoking. In Russia it was punished with amputation of the nose; and in the Swiss Canton of Berne it ranked in the table of offences next to adultery. Urban VIII. and Innocent XII. fulminated decrees of excommunication against all who took snuff or tobacco in St. Peter's and other churches.

Tantæne animis regalibus iræ?

we may well ask, when Kings and Pontiffs united in persecuting a harmless custom, which of course increased and thrived under the persecution which was aimed at its suppression. We wish we could put before our readers the engraving of the tobacconist's shop, *temp.* James I., which we have in Mr. Fairholt's volume. He says:

An exceedingly well executed frontispiece by Marshall, representing a tobacconist's shop, faces the title, which we here engrave. The shop is open to the street, in accordance with ancient usage, and has a pent-house of boards, from which hangs a double hoop used to hold pipes; "strong water," glasses, and measures, are behind, on shelves; the counter is covered with a "faire linen cloth," upon which pipes are laid; upon it stands a carved figure of a negro smoking, showing the antiquity of using such a figure as a sign for a tobacconist's shop. A curtain drawn aside discloses the private room, where three smokers are indulging at a table formed of a board laid upon tobacco barrels. In the original they are named Captain Whiffe, Captain Pipe, and Captain Snuff. From the mouth of the first a label issues, with the words "Qui color albus erat;" from that of the second, "Quantum mutatis ab illo;" and from the third, "Anglus in Æthiopiæ." From each pipe other labels proceed, with these words on them: "Ium est in viscera terra," "Fistula dulce canit," and "Mea messis in herba est." The book, the title-page tells us, is divided into three lectures: 1. The Birth of Tobacco; 2. Pluto's blessing to Tobacco; and 3. Time's complaint against Tobacco. The epigram "Upon Tobacco" in the title-page shows the unfavourable view its author took of his theme:

This some affirm, yet yield I not to that,
'Twill make a fat man leane, a leane man fat;
But this I'm sure (hows'ere it be thy meane)
That many whiffes will make a fat man leane.

By the way, *mutatis* is an evident misprint for *mutatus*; and we imagine that *terra* ought to be *terre*. Heylin, in his "Cosmographie," 1652, speaks of "Morat Bassa among the Turks who commanded a pipe to be thrust thorow the nose of a Turk whom he found taking tobacco, and so to be carried in derision all about Constantinople." Heylin, who appears to have escaped Mr. Fairholt's notice, styles tobacco "the henbane of Peru." He is rather severe upon "the immoderate vain and phantastical abuse of this stinking weed," while he admits that it may be useful in curing some unsavoury diseases which he mentions. He adds that "the taking of tobacco was first brought into England by the mariners of Sir Francis Drake, in 1585," as an antidote to immoderate drinking. Clergymen smoked as well as ladies.

The clergy occasionally indulged in "a quiet pipe." Archbishop Harsnett, in his ordinances for the regulation of his schools at Chigwell in Essex, ordains that the Latin schoolmaster be "of a sound religion, neither papist nor puritan, of a grave behaviour, of a sober and honest conversation, no tippler nor haunter of ale-houses," and, as a climax, "no puffer of tobacco!" Aubrey, writing in 1680, says, "Within these thirty-five years it was considered scandalous for a divine to take tobacco;" but Lilly, the astrologer, in his "Memoirs," under the year 1633, tells a different tale. He says: "In this year also William Bredon, parson or vicar of Thornton in Buckinghamshire, was living, a profound divine, but absolutely the most polite person for civilities in that age, strictly adhering to Ptolemy, which he well understood; he had a hand in composing Sir Christopher Heydon's defence of judicial astrology, being that time his chaplain; he was so given over to tobacco and drink, that when he had no tobacco he would cut the bell-ropes and smoke them."

Under Dutch William smoking became almost universal. This would anger the ghost of Heylin, whom we have mentioned above, as he informs us that our countrymen originally borrowed "the swinish vice" of smoking from the Dutch. About this time many of the clergy, from musical Dean Aldrich of Christ Church downwards, smoked and took snuff; and, during Anne's reign, the custom of smoking appears to have attained its greatest height in England, according to the author of the "Paper of Tobacco." We came the other day across an amusing extract from the diary of the Rev. William Cole, author of the "Athenæ Cantabrigienses," who, after giving us some information as to the death of his beautiful parrot and the cudgelling his man Jem for delaying when sent on an errand, says that at the visitation dinner forty-four clergymen dined with the Archdeacon, and "what is extraordinary, not one smoked tobacco." The date of the journal, which is now, we believe, in the British Museum, is 1766.

We cannot resist quoting the following letter which Mr. Fairholt has extracted from a volume called "Nicotiana," 1834:

Dear Brother Tom,—This comes hopeful to find you in good health as it leaves me safe anchor'd here yesterday at 4 p.m. after a pleasant voyage tolerable short and a few squalls.—Dear Tom, hopes to find poor old father stout, and am quite out of pig-tail.—Sights of pig-tail at Gravesend, but unfortunately not fit for a dog to chor. Dear Tom, Captain's boy will bring you this, and put pig-tail in his pocket when born. Best in London at the Black Boy in 7 diles, where go asks for best pig-tail—pound a pig-tail will do, and am short of shirts, Dear Tom, as for shirts only took 2 whereof one is quite wore out and tuther most, but don't forget the pig-tail, as I a'n't had a quid to chor never since Thursday. Dear Tom, as for the shirts, your size will do, only longer. I like um long—get one at present; best at Tower-hill, and cheap, but be particler to go to 7 diles for the pig-tail at the Black Boy, and Dear Tom, asks for pound best pig-tail, and let it be good. Captain's boy will put the pig-tail in his pocket, he likes pig-tail, so ty it up. Dear Tom, shall be up about Monday there or thereabouts, Not so particler for the shirt, as the present can be wash'd, but don't forget the pig-tail without fail, so am your loving brother. T. P.

—P. S. Don't forget the pig-tail.

The *naïveté* with which the honest tar admits his preference for pig-tail over a clean shirt is we think, most amusing. We give one more extract, which treats of modern smoking celebrities:

Of literary men Goethe hated tobacco, a very extraordinary thing for a German to do. Heinrich Heine had the same dislike. Of French litterateurs Balzac, Victor Hugo, and Dumas, did not smoke; but the smokers are Alfred de Musset, Eugène Sue, Merimee, Paul de St. Victor, and Mme. Dudevant, better known by her *soubriquet* George Sand, who often indulges in a cigar between the intervals of literary labour; as the ladies of Spain and Mexico delight in doing at all other intervals. Charles Lamb, "the gentle Elia," was once a great smoker. In a letter to Wordsworth he says: "Tobacco has been my evening comfort and my morning curse for these five years. I have had it in my head to write this poem for these two years ('Farewell to Tobacco'); but tobacco stood in its own light, when it gave me headaches that prevented my singing its praises." Lamb once, in the height of his smoking days, was puffing coarsest weed from a long clay pipe in company with Parr, who was careful in obtaining finer sorts, and the Doctor in astonishment asked him how he acquired

this "prodigious power!" Lamb answered, "by toiling after it, as some men toil after virtue." Of other literary smokers in England we may note Sir Walter Scott, who at one time carried the habit very far. So did the poet Bloomfield. Campbell, Moore, and Byron delighted in its temperate enjoyment, as does our present laureate Tennyson, who has echoed its praises with Byron in immortal verse.

Mr. Fairholt remarks in a note that "tobacco does not induce headache." We suppose he means with veteran smokers; if not, let him try the experiment himself, and we undertake to warrant that fifty whiffs of good shag tobacco will enable him to form a pretty distinct conception of terrestrial sea-sickness—if we may be pardoned for the Hibernicism—and give him a sound headache to boot. Chapter the fifth forms a regular encyclopædia of snuff-taking; a habit which we ourselves hold in extreme horror, ever since we accompanied a medical friend to see the head of a defunct snuff-taker opened. We are not going, however, to introduce our readers to a chamber of horrors; and can assure them that, if they read Mr. Fairholt's volume, they will find much to interest and amuse, and nothing to shock them.

Before concluding we must state that we have scarcely done justice to Mr. Fairholt's book. The author appears to have examined almost every work which treats of tobacco in any form or guise. His pages are never dull, as apparently he knows what ought to be rejected, quite as well as what should be retained. It is the book on tobacco, and would be extremely valuable if only for the rare illustrations—one hundred in number—which the author's skilful pencil and archæological knowledge enable him to present his readers with.

MR. DANA AND THE LONE STAR.

To Cuba and Back: a Vacation Voyage. By RICHARD HENRY DANA, jun., Author of "Two Years before the Mast." London: Smith, Elder, and Co. pp. 256.

THE AUTHOR of "Two Years before the Mast" scarcely needs an introduction in this country. Well known and much honoured is Mr. Dana, and the volume which he has now given will produce no diminution in his fame. A holiday and a respite from his considerable labours as a literary man and a journalist led Mr. Dana to venture himself once more upon that country so familiar to him, the sea. He started in February of this very year for Cuba, saw it, came back, and so this goodly volume is before us. American go-aheadishness in that! but none (we are glad to say) in the book itself of those qualities, the existence of which, in the works of travellers belonging to that nation, we have not unselfishly taken occasion to deplore. But after all, in so practised and so cultivated a man as Mr. Dana, this is perhaps not so very wonderful as to find him at the threshold of his book giving vent to such an anti-republican sentiment as a regret for the absence of an Order of the Bath for the reward of brave American officers. Tell it not at West Point, publish it not in Broadway; here is full-blown American, a prophet too in his own country, sighing after Stars and Garters! Lamenting over the condition of naval officers in general, and of his friend the Captain of the *Cahuaba* in particular, Mr. Dana pathetically breaks forth:

Whatever may be the gallantry and merit of his service, though he may cut off his right hand or pluck out his eye for the country's honour, the navy can give him no promotion, not even a barren title of brevet, nor a badge of recognition of merit, though it be but a star or a half-yard of blue ribbon.

Two chapters are occupied with notes of the sea-voyage, observations interspersed here and there with a somewhat poetical note of admiration. "Are those blue spots," asks Mr. Dana, "really fast-anchored islands, with men, and children, and horses, and machinery, and schools, politics, and newspapers on them? or are they afloat, and visited by beings of the air?" Of course Mr. Dana knows perfectly well what they are; but in the notion of including "newspapers" among the necessary adjuncts of life we see all the American and the journalist.

On Friday, the 18th of February, Mr. Dana landed at Havana, and some chapters are naturally occupied with descriptions of life and manners in that centre of Cuban civilisation. The first notable thing that appeared to strike Mr. Dana on his arrival was that all the Havanees were continually smoking cigars. The Health officer came on board with a cigar in his mouth—but that might be to ward off infection; the Customs officer came similarly furnished—but that might be the result of a seizure; but the climax was reached when the voyager was rowed ashore by a boatman having an oar in each hand and a cigar in his mouth. Mr. Dana's account of the entertainment to be obtained at Cuban inns is not particularly attractive:

To a person unaccustomed to the tropics or the south of Europe, I know of nothing more discouraging than the arrival at the inn or hotel. It is nobody's business to attend to you. The landlord is strangely indifferent, and if there is a way to get a thing done, you have not learned it, and there is no one to teach you. Le Grand is a Frenchman. His house is a restaurant, with rooms for lodgers. The restaurant is paramount. The lodging is secondary, and is left to servants. Monsieur does not condescend to show a room, even to families; and the servants, who are whites, but mere lads, have all the interior in their charge, and there are no women employed about the chambers. Antonio, a swarthy Spanish lad, in shirt sleeves, looking very much as if he never washed, has my part of the house in charge, and shows me my room. It has but one window, a door opening upon the veranda, and a brick floor, and is very bare of furniture, and the furniture has long ceased to be strong. A small stand barely holds up a basin and ewer which have not been washed since Antonio was washed, and the bedstead, covered by a canvas sacking, without mattress or bed, looks as if it would hardly bear the weight of a man. It is plain there is a good deal to be learned here. Antonio is communicative, on a suggestion of several days' stay and good pay. Things which we cannot do without we must

go out of the house to find, and those which we can do without we must dispense with. This is odd, and strange, but not uninteresting, and affords scope for contrivance and the exercise of influence and other administrative powers. The Grand Seigneur does not mean to be troubled with anything; so there are no bells, and no office, and no clerks. He is the only source, and if he is approached, he shrugs his shoulders and gives you to understand that you have your chambers for your money and must look to the servants. Antonio starts off on an expedition for a pitcher of water and a towel, with a faint hope of two towels; for each demand involves an expedition to remote parts of the house. Then Antonio has so many rooms dependent on him, that every door is a Scylla, and every window a Charybdis, as he passes. A shrill female voice, from the next room but one, calls "Antonio! Antonio!" and that starts the parrot in the court-yard, who cries "Antonio! Antonio!" for several minutes. A deep, bass voice mutters "Antonio!" in a more confidential tone; and last of all, an unmistakeably Northern voice attempts it, but ends in something between Antonio and Anthony. He is gone a good while, and has evidently had several episodes to his journey. But he is a good-natured fellow, speaks a little French, very little English, and seems anxious to do his best.

The restaurant department is, however, much better served:

With the comfort of a bath, and clothed in linen, with straw hats, we walked back to Le Grand's and entered the restaurant for breakfast—the breakfast of the country at ten o'clock. Here is a scene so pretty as quite to make up for the defects of the chambers. The restaurant with cool marble floor, walls twenty-four feet high, open rafters painted blue, great windows open to the floor and looking into the Paseo, and the floor nearly on a level with the street, a light breeze fanning the thin curtains, the little tables, for two or four, with clean white cloths, each with its pyramid of great red oranges and its fragrant bouquet, the gentlemen in white pantaloons and jackets and white stockings, and the ladies in fly-away muslins, and hair in the sweet neglect of the morning toilet, taking their leisurely breakfasts of fruit and claret, and omelette and Spanish mixed dishes (ollas), and café noir. How airy and ethereal it seems! They are birds, not substantial men and women. They eat ambrosia and drink nectar. It must be that they fly and live in nests in the tamarind trees. Who can eat a hot, greasy breakfast of cakes and gravied meats, and in a close room, after this?

To an American, a politician, and more, a journalist, like Mr. Dana, the feeling of the Havanees with respect to the designs of the United States upon Cuba naturally offered a tempting point of inquiry. Among the educated Havanees he appears to have found the feeling which predominated was one of aversion against being annexed, the Roman Catholic clergy being foremost in opposition—a fact which is not very astonishing. We have no doubt that had Mr. Dana chosen to report the conversations which he held with leading men in Havana, this fact would have been more apparent. Very much, however, to the credit of his delicacy, and of his knowledge of what should regulate the intercourse of gentlemen, he has not chosen to follow the example so freely set him upon this point by travellers of his own people, and (we shame to say it) by Englishmen too. "It is not," says he, "because I have any reason to suppose that these gentlemen would object to all they said being printed in these pages, and read by all who may choose to read it in Cuba or the United States, that I do not report the interesting and instructive conversations, but because it would be, in my opinion, a violation of the universal understanding between gentlemen"—an opinion which we recommend to the consideration of the garrulous gentleman who enlightens such of the lieges as care and will pay to hear him upon the progress of Christianity in China, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Oddly enough, Mr. Dana makes this very proper reflection *à propos* of a dinner with a bishop.

After a short stay in Havana, Mr. Dana visited Matanzas, and afterwards the interior of Cuba. Those who are acquainted with his writings will not need to be told that his descriptions of nature are as minute and as obviously truthful as his observations upon life and manners. Surely some feeling of incongruity must have struck a mind like his when he was whirled through such scenes as these in anything so thoroughly material as a railway train:

I am now to get my first view of the interior of Cuba. I could not have a more favourable day. The air is clear, and not excessively hot. The soft clouds float midway in the serene sky; the sun shines fair and bright, and the luxuriance of a perpetual summer covers the face of nature. These strange palm-trees everywhere! I cannot yet feel at home among them. Many of the other trees are like our own, and, though tropical in fact, look to the eye as if they might grow as well in New England as here. But the royal palm looks so intensely and exclusively tropical! It cannot grow beyond this narrow belt of the earth's surface. Its long, thin body, so straight and so smooth, swathed from the foot—in a tight bandage of grey canvas, leaving only its deep-green neck, and over that its crest and plumage of deep-green leaves! It gives no shade, and bears no fruit that is valued by men. And it has no beauty to atone for those wants. Yet it has more than beauty—a strange fascination over the eye and the fancy, that will never allow it to be overlooked or forgotten. The palm-tree seems a kind of *lusus nature* to the northern eye—an exotic wherever you meet it. It seems to be conscious of its want of usefulness for food or shade, yet has a dignity of its own, a pride of unmixed blood and royal descent—the hidalgo of the soil. What are those groves and clusters of small growth, looking like Indian corn in a state of transmigration into trees, the stalk turning into a trunk, a thin soft coating half-changed to bark, and the ears of corn turning into melons? Those are the bananas and plantains, as their bunches of green and yellow fruits plainly enough indicate, when you come nearer. But that sad, weeping tree, its long yellow-green leaves drooping to the ground! What can that be? It has a green fruit like a melon. There it is again, in groves! I interrupt my neighbour's tenth cigarrito, to ask him the name of the tree. It is the cocoa! And that soft green melon becomes the hard shell we break with a hammer. Other trees there are, in abundance, of various forms and foliage, but they might have grown in New England or New York, so far as the eye can teach us; but the palm, the cocoa, the banana, and plantain are the characteristic trees you could not possibly meet with in any other zone. Thicket-jungles I might call them—abundant. It seems as if a bird could hardly get through them; yet they are rich with wild flowers of all forms and colours—the white, the purple, the pink, and the blue. The trees are full of birds of all plumage. There is one like our brilliant oriole. I cannot hear their notes, for the clatter of the train.

His travels in the interior of Cuba enable Mr. Dana to impart some

very useful and interesting information respecting the manufacture of sugar. The destruction of the coffee plantations by the hurricanes of 1843 and 1845, and the discovery that Cuba is not so well adapted to the cultivation of that shrub as Brazil and the West Indies, have operated to change the staple cultivation of the island from coffee to sugar. Mr. Dana points out how this has effected a social revolution in the island, and, although we cannot here follow out his argument in all its bearings, it may be observed that the change is much more complete and radical than could have been supposed to arise from a cause apparently so slight. As might be expected from a clever, humane, and disinterested American, Mr. Dana's voice is decidedly against slavery. He specially condemns the employment of physical force for the coercion of slaves, and observes that the work of a plantation so managed "is what a clock would be that always required a man's hand pressing on the mainspring."

The accounts of the religious institutions, the hospitals, and prisons are all interesting, coming as they do from a shrewd, intelligent, and observant man. A bullfight did not afford any very great gratification, but drew from him certain reflections upon sense and spirit the reverse of complimentary to the Cubans. From a calm and dispassionate description of a slave sale we learn that the monstrous cruelties and indecencies which have been described in connection with them are, to say the least, not universal:

The slaves are formed in a semicircle, by the dealer and broker. The broker pushed and pulled them about in a coarse, careless manner, worse than the manner of the dealer. I am glad he is not to be their master. Mr. — spoke kindly to them. They were fully dressed; and no examination was made except by the eye; and no exhibitions of strength or agility were required, and none of those offensive examinations of which we read so much. What examination had been made or was to be made by the broker, out of my presence, I do not know. The "lot" consisted of about fifty, of both sexes and of all ages; some being old, and some very young. They were not a valuable lot, and Mr. — refused to purchase them all. The dealer offered to separate them. Mr. — selected about half of them, and they were set apart. I watched the countenances of all—the taken and the left. It was hard to decipher the character of their emotions. A kind of fixed hopelessness marked the faces of some, listlessness that of others, and others seemed anxious or disappointed, but whether because taken or rejected, it was hard to say. When the separation was made, and they knew its purpose, still no complaint was made, and no suggestion ventured by the slaves that a tie of nature or affection was broken. I asked Mr. — if some of them might not be related. He said he should attend to that, as he never separated families. He spoke to each of those he had chosen, separately, and asked if they had parent or child, husband or wife, or brother or sister among those who were rejected. A few pointed out their relations, and Mr. — took them into his lot. One was an aged mother, one a wife, and another a little daughter. I am satisfied that no separations were made in this case, and equally satisfied that neither the dealer nor the broker would have asked the question. I asked Mr. — on what principle he made his selection, as he did not seem to me always to take the strongest. "On the principle of race," said he. He told me that these negroes were probably natives of Africa (bozales), except the youngest, and that the signs of the races were known to all planters. A certain race he named as having always more intelligence and ambition than any other; as more difficult to manage, but far superior when well managed. All of this race in the company he took at once, whatever their age or strength. I think the preferred tribe was the Lucumi, but am not certain.

Bad enough this as it is; and certain is it that, though the devil may not be quite so black as he is painted, he is much too black for all that.

In bidding farewell to Mr. Dana and his capital volume, we would say that we entertain no doubt at all that, sooner or later, the ultimate fate of Cuba will be annexation to the United States. It is not reasonable to suppose that the feeble and nerveless hands of Spain can long hold in their senile and failing grasp that bright and costly gem at such a distance from the seat of government, when the wish of America to have it is so strong and so general. Have it, sooner or later, the Americans most assuredly will; and although we do not approve the practice of selling peoples like flocks of sheep, we believe that, if Spain do not accept what is offered her, she may one day find herself stripped of her jewel and no price paid. It is certainly not a little strange, and looks very like an example of that great law of retribution which sometimes manifests itself in the works of Providence, that Cuba herself—that island so bounteously gifted by nature, but so stained by the curse of slavery—should itself have been within a few votes of becoming the object of a bargain, wherein the United States, as a willing purchaser, would have offered to purchase it—land, coffee, sugar, and living things, brute and human—in fact "the whole lot," for the "unkimminly low price of thirty millions" of dollars. But Spain still sticks to her jewel—and what wonder? Who would not?

THE ORDER OF NATURE.

The Order of Nature considered in reference to the Claims of Revelation. By the REV. BADEN POWELL, M.A. London: Longmans.

THE PRINCIPAL DEFECT OF THIS BOOK is one which some may regard as its principal merit: it is too dispassionate, too judicial. We could almost have dispensed with the absolute, the admirable fairness, for a little more fervour. It is dangerous for men in whom scientific talents and acquisitions greatly predominate over pious aspirations to meddle with religion. Stripped of its emotional character, Religion grows almost more ghastly than Unbelief; and all religious utterance which is not an ecstatic prayer is a kind of blasphemy. The author of this solid, thoughtful, scholar-like, and strictly logical production is a deifier of law, as much almost as were Auguste Comte and George Combe themselves. The mere regularity of the universe as a vast and organic whole is what astounds and attracts him. The glory of the Invisible, the pulse, and glow, and flow of infinite and

abounding life, he feels not. As a marvellous mechanism, created and sustained by infallible and omnipotent intellect, he adores the Cosmos; as a perennial outburst of spontaneous, loving, exhaustless fecundity, it finds his eye blind and his ear dull. This idolatry of law, though incessantly warring with superstition, is itself a most fatal form of superstition. It is the offspring of the rationalistic pride of an age half scoffingly sceptical, half childishly credulous, but incapable either of robust denial or of enthusiastic faith.

The Rev. Baden Powell is a worthy and accomplished gentleman, who, with the very best intentions, strenuously strives to liberalise theological opinion. The present is one of a series of volumes which he has dedicated to this object. Like many members of the Church of England, he is evidently ruled by the idea that that Church should play the same part in religion that Whiggery plays in politics—that it should soften asperities, mitigate bigotries, reconcile extremes, and be satisfied with a minimum of result. In both cases there is less the desire or design that anything stupendous should be achieved than that moderation should never be violated. Passion and imagination—fire, storm, and earthquake—are politely requested to retire. Such rude forces work mischief, speak with too loud a voice, and must be bowed out of the room. Unfortunately, they have often so little breeding as to insist on their right to be heard, and are sometimes exceedingly disrespectful to the chief priests and scribes and elders of Whiggery. Mr. Powell thinks the wisest way of dealing with them is to treat them as if they did not exist. An error running through the whole of this volume—an error belonging to the school of which the author is a notable champion and representative—is the notion that superstition flows, not from certain principles in the human heart, but from ignorance of the order of nature. Thoroughly acquainted all men, then, with the order of nature, and superstition will disappear. But the objection to this is, that the religious element, communing exclusively with the Unseen, dwells in a region into which the thought either of order or disorder does not intrude. If the real miracles are the possibilities of faith, science may be continually changing the boundaries of the Known, but it is simply to make the Unknown more immense and more awful. Every human being, whatever theoretical arguments he may hurl at miracles, recognises the miraculous—if not in his own outward, at least in his own inward, history. It is in this personal experience that miracle has, and will evermore, have its root. Mr. Powell has discussed the subject of miracles with apparent completeness, but without insight or depth. Those Protestants who have the most indignantly rejected the Roman Catholic miracles have been the most ardent upholders of a special Providence—that is to say, they have seen one long miracle in each individual's pilgrimage.

Two things are always confounded, the pictorialism of the miraculous and the fruitfulness thereof. Even minds so subtle as John Henry Newman—subtle, but not profound—have wandered into this confusion. The Roman Catholic Church has had in excess the pictorialism, but never the fruitfulness, of miracle. In Scotland's better days the peasant on her mountains or in her glens had, from intense and interior illumination, a wonder-world at every hour of the day and of the night around him. How poor, how limited, how contemptible in comparison is the wonder-world revealed to the Spanish or the Italian peasant! In truth, the order of nature which Mr. Powell so pompously proclaims is the order of each man's nature, and the Cosmos is the child of our phantasy. If a temporary eclipse of the Divine, during which science with its utilitarian appliances is queen and goddess, is to be taken as a type of what is to be generation after generation, then Mr. Powell has said the best which can be said on the topics he professes to discourse of. But the eclipse will pass as other eclipses have passed, and the kingdom of God will come with might all the more radiant and irresistible and redeeming for the darkness. A true reign of God is when miracles are believed because mysteries are believed: a false reign of God is when mysteries are believed because miracles are believed. It is never the miracle which should create the mystery, but the mystery the miracle; and in the latter case it is impossible to accept too many miracles. But he in whom mystery creates miracle never pedantically wastes his time in fixing the boundaries between the natural and the supernatural, between the natural and the spiritual. It is enough for him that, living altogether in the Invisible, he finds miracles without always falling far below the miracles within.

Of late years it is unquestionable that a most wooden theory of miracles has prevailed, especially in Protestant lands. Miracles have been viewed almost exclusively as the stereotyped marvels of the past. This is really to paralyse God's right arm, to shorten it that it cannot save. One reason why Protestantism, while retaining all its industrial and political energy, has been losing its religious hold on the people, must be sought in its cruel and arbitrary attempts to shatter the chain of the miraculous. Less in religion than in aught else can the people nourish themselves with the food of the traditional alone. Only by what is can they feel, can they know, what has been. Their logic is in their heart and their imagination, and their heart and their imagination bestow opulence and vitality on a vanished time, instead of demanding vitality and opulence from it. If you do not, therefore, give the people miracles from the plenitude of the actual, miracles they will invent. You start from the past to arrive at the present; they, with wise and infallible instinct, start from the present to reach the past, and crowd with holy and beautiful shapes that vast blank in

the domain of the miraculous with which your penury of breast and of brain is satisfied. That in miracle may be poetically sublime and religiously suggestive which is neither physically possible nor historically true. The evil is in placing the physical possibility and the historical truth higher than the poetical sublimity and the religious suggestiveness.

Miracle spurns naked prose and rigid demonstration. Hence the folly and the danger of making it so prominent in what are called the Evidences of Christianity. The evidences of a religion dwell in its power to convert souls and to transfigure society. As long as it exerts this power there will be an irrepressible and joyous tendency to ascribe to it a miraculous birth. But if its living, its transforming force departs, the most triumphant proofs of its miraculous birth are vain. Christ rebuked those who could not believe unless they saw signs and wonders. How much is the rebuke in these days needed! It is the strength himself to do signs and wonders which constitutes the believer, even as Christ likewise declared. Regarding the signs and wonders that are to convince others, and not regarding those that are to convince ourselves, should we alone be ardently anxious. The heroic rises to the mythical as much in our own career as in the career of God's saints and prophets long centuries ago. Strange, then, that we should admit the mythical in our own achievements and utterances, and not the mythical in theirs.

To treat a religion as we treat the vulgarest of affairs in the vulgarest of law courts is most tragically to degrade it. Properly a religion cannot have a history; and to subject its doings and developments to the usual historical tests is to confess that it is not of Heaven but of Earth. Make religions historical, and all religions are exactly equal in historical authority. The difference between one religion and another must, therefore, be in things where history can neither colour nor decide. To fix the boundaries of our own faith is to concede to some better faith all the territory beyond them. As religion is less a creed than a life, the mystic commune of religion as a life with the unseen life everywhere is what mainly concerns us. Religion as a life, like God himself as a life, is independent of space and of time.

But such thoughts and such language carry us far from Mr. Powell and his book; and yet they smite the cardinal sin of a truly able production—the religious poverty which multiplies minute and barren distinctions. There is no debate between science and faith, but not for the reason which Mr. Powell assigns. Mr. Powell says that there is no real mystery in nature, nothing which is in itself essentially incapable of being understood. This seems to us a most monstrous statement. We hold the very opposite doctrine—that all is mystery in nature, and that the boldest discoveries of science leave the essence of nature as unknown as before. Science analyses and classifies, but it never pierces below the surface to that generative pith which pours itself eternally forth in lovely forms and adorable harmonies. If there is no real mystery in nature, then faith is a gross delusion—the puerile recognition of a nonentity. But the mystery in nature extends to much else besides religion; the mystery of the universe is merely an expansion of the mystery which envelops ourselves as individuals, and which the most gifted poet as little as the lowliest believer is able to express. Our affections, our social relations, our romantic dreams carry us into mysteries closely interwoven with our worship of the Highest. Science is but another name for knowledge, and if the growth of knowledge cannot tear away the veil of mystery which hangs round the love of a mother for her child, how can it reveal to us the secrets of divine action? If, in accordance with that antiquated dualism which Mr. Powell seems to favour, but which every philosopher worthy of the name spurns, Nature is a dead, unconscious mass, severed by abyss on abyss from the Infinite Spirit, then may the vast corpse be so dissected as to banish all mystery therefrom. The task is neither a noble nor a pleasant one, and we should prefer that Mr. Powell rather than ourselves performed the dissection. Nature, however, is no dead, unconscious mass, but that Visible Deity that symbolises the Deity Invisible.

This system, on which the Book of Job is an eloquent commentary, is characterised by Mr. Powell—quoting Mr. Francis William Newman—as the poetry of atheism; exceedingly like the prose of atheism is the system advocated by these two excellent gentlemen—honest inquirers and fearless speakers both, but both singularly destitute of rich phantasy, and prompt plenteous sympathy, and too disposed to dwarf and freeze the most transcendent realities into mere questions of the schools. In the universe as a great poem, and not in the universe as a great plan, should we search for the Almighty. As a great plan, besides that we are unable with our limited mind to grasp it, it perplexes us with myriad difficulties. We think it necessary to explain the origin of evil, the disparities of human condition, to interpret and to vindicate the whole drama of human wrong and of human misery. But the universe as a great poem is also a great prayer, and the most melodious and odorous orisons of our heart go up alike in concord and in response. Religious revival consequently implies as much a renewed sensibility to the glories of creation as a renewed awe before the majesty of the Creator. And nothing is so much opposed to that renewed sensibility as the deification of law, which Mr. Powell has written so many earnest pages to promote. The word "law" is extremely inapplicable either to the Deity or His works. The use of this fatal word tends to

render both science and religion mechanical. Who are we, that we should dare to chain and to chill the absolute spontaneousness of God, that attribute of attributes? Who are we, that we should dare to bind Him in a mathematical bondage? Who are we, that we should dare to measure His march geometrically, or to fathom His thoughts logically? Mr. Powell seeks to defend the exact sciences from the reproach of scepticism which has frequently been brought against them. We applaud his chivalry; but we cannot admit his success. We do not say that the exact sciences have been cultivated too much; but we trace to their triumphs during the last two hundred years no small part of the world's religious sterility. Descartes was a foremost geometer; and Descartes erected doubt into a system under the pretence of emancipating philosophy. Pascal was a foremost geometer; and Pascal, trying hard to believe, was a doubter to the last, the blackest gulf of despair yawning for ever beside him; and it tortures us even now with unspeakable terrors to gaze down into the depths of that gulf. Leibnitz was a foremost geometer, and built up the most mechanical, and as such the gloomiest, theory of the universe ever imagined by a mortal. That huge and resolute and brilliant host which rushed to the onslaught on religion a hundred years ago in France was led by geometers rather than by literary men. The grand engine of war, the *Encyclopédie*, had still more geometric than literary force, and authority, and victory. The French are a nation of geometers, which means a nation of infidels. Popery has converted many of the modern Italians to Atheism; geometry has converted nearly as many. We have somewhere read that Spanish mothers have an invincible repugnance to allow their sons to learn mathematics. Wiser than some of our wise men are those Spanish women. It is not so much the exact sciences as the applied sciences which reign in England; but the dominion of the latter is indirectly the dominion of the former. Fortunately for Germany, though it has had distinguished mathematicians, its metaphysicians have been still more distinguished. Woe to every land where this is not the case; woe, therefore, to our own. Like geometers in general, Mr. Powell has a hearty and undisguised contempt for metaphysics and metaphysicians. But unless metaphysics and metaphysicians come to our help in England, we shall harden into a spiritual condition not much better than that of the French. Let us not, however, confound dialectics with metaphysics, as is so often done. We have no objections to the Greek which is enthroned at our universities; but we very strenuously object to the geometry which has also a throne there. Should so many of England's future religious teachers be subjected to influences hostile to religious convictions, even in the most pious souls? To exile mathematics from our universities is perhaps impossible; but let metaphysics, in the profoundest, most comprehensive sense, be exalted over mathematics. Dogmatically stated, our faith in the order of nature might not differ from Mr. Powell's; but it rests on a different, that is to say, a metaphysical basis, its only secure one. What precedes is not to hinder Mr. Powell's book from being read, for we hope that it will fall into the hands of many an earnest and impartial seeker for higher light; but let such enter only to pass through, and not to abide in, the country of the geometers. ATTICUS.

EDMUND SPENSER.

The Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser. With Memoir and Critical Dissertations. By the Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN. Vols. II. and III. Edinburgh: James Nichol; London: James Nisbet; Dublin: W. Robertson.

OPINIONS HAVE SOMEWHAT CHANGED since the time when Johnson in his edition of the English poets began with Cowley, and thought that in going thus far back he had resuscitated an author whose style and matter were become antiquated. To Coleridge may in a great measure be ascribed the credit of having created a taste for the literature of the Elizabethan age, a taste which has since his time been steadily increasing.

The volumes before us belong to a series whose moderate price, excellent type and paper, and generally careful editing must make it acceptable to every library. At the same time, claiming for ourselves the right of opinion, we are not prepared to endorse all the theories of the editor, although on the whole we have no great fault to find with them. Still there is something amusing in the persistent patriotism with which Scottish writers will enrol some third-rate worthy of their own country among the few great spirits to whom the consenting voice of mankind has assigned the foremost place in the roll of fame. It was only the other day that a Scotch gentleman of some literary eminence assured a sympathising audience (also Scotch) that Wallace's peer as a soldier and a patriot cannot be found in ancient or modern history. That very excellent Latin-verse-writing pedagogue Buchanan is, by Mr. Giffillan, classed with Dante and Milton, and preferred to Spenser. The latter, we are informed, "was one of Buchanan's 'doctores poetum,' and, indeed, except Buchanan himself, Milton, and Dante, there are few in the list of great poets who can in learning, or in the exquisite purpose to which he turns it, vie with Edmund Spenser?" By the way, we suppose that the word *poetum* is Buchanan's own,—a solecism for which, despite the exigencies of metre, that worthy pedagogue would probably have suffered some of the flagellation which he bestowed on the royal person of the youthful King James, had the "learned Master George" gone to Eton when under the sway of Keate or other ultra-critical dominions. This same Scottish worthy, who wielded his birch-rod

with nearly as much vigour as his pen, is foisted with a fellow-countryman (by the author of that very admirable book, "Satire and Satirists"), apparently as an equal, into the company of Horace, Juvenal, Dryden, Swift, Pope, &c., in the capacity of a satirical writer.

Volume II. contains a short life of Edmund Spenser, and the writer informs us that "to conceive clearly of the life and character" of Spenser, we must draw somewhat largely on Spenser's own peculiar faculty, that of imagination. We shall not here attempt to unravel the *vezata questio*—which, indeed, is neither very important nor very interesting—as to whether Spenser was born in 1552 or 1553. Again, too, in estimating whether the poet belonged to the family of Spencers of Althorpe or not, we think little stress is to be laid on the supposed fact that he spelt his name with an "s," even though this could be proved on stronger evidence than that of Mr. Craik. Every one knows that in the age when Spenser lived the same words may often be found spelt differently in the same sentence; and, as a corroboration of what we are saying, we may mention that that very careful antiquary, Mr. Cooper, the editor of the modern "Athenæ Cantabrigienses," gives us the name of the Spenser who was Archdeacon of Chichester in 1560 as Spenser, though the monument at Hadleigh Church speaks twice of him as Thomas Spenser. Earl Spenser may, in our opinion, if he choose, claim kindred with the poet and not have his claim denied. The editor incorrectly speaks of Spenser's friend, Gabriel Harvey, as belonging to Christ Church, Cambridge; a college which is not in existence in that University. Nor again is there now any college of the name of Pembroke Hall at Cambridge, though undoubtedly it bore that name when Spenser entered it. Indeed, "The Life of Edmund Spenser" bears some marks of haste about it. Why should the editor invariably write "Faerie Queene" and yet modernise all Spenser's other works? Why should we not have "Shepherd's Calendar," "Dreames," &c., &c., instead of the same words spelt as in modern orthography? Why should we have the word "sizar" spelt "sizer"? We may add that the fact of Spenser's having entered Pembroke Hall as a sizar proves little or nothing against the point that he may have belonged to a family of good birth. The "Athenæ Cantabrigienses" furnish many examples which show that cadets of noble houses were not ashamed to enter the University as sizars. Again, we can scarcely suppose with the editor that "Epithalamion Thamesis Stemmatum Ducleiana" was the title of one and the same poem. "Epithalamion Thamesis" and "Stemmatum Ducleiana" are, without doubt, two distinct pieces, the latter of which referred to the genealogy of the Earl of Leicester, and the former probably to the episode of the marriage of the Thames and Medway in the "Faerie Queene," b. iv. c. xi. Mr. Gilfillan says of Spenser: "That he was little recognised at college is proved by this, that, although two pictures of him are still found in Pembroke Hall, there lingered there, when George Chalmers wrote, sixty or seventy years ago, not a single tradition or recorded trace of the poet. He had passed over it like a summer's cloud, and had awakened no 'special wonder.'" We cannot think that this circumstance proves that he was "little recognised" at college, as the lapse of two hundred years at Cambridge would be almost certain to destroy any traces of a person who left the University immediately on taking his degree. At all events, Spenser's college latterly was not altogether unkindly of him, as its members in 1778 restored his monument at their own expense. Mr. Gilfillan gives us the various theories of biographers as to Spenser's "Rosalind." They remind us somewhat of the ingenious speculations which have been made on the seventeen or eighteen different feminine names introduced by Horace into his odes. Perhaps the most far-fetched of the Rosalindian theories is that which, by omitting the aspiration and changing s into z, transforms Rosalind into Eliza Horden; "there being a gentleman of Kent of the name of Horden in the time of Henry VI." By the system of omitting and supplying letters it might nearly as easily be proved that the lady's name was Smith or Jones; and we find also that several gentlemen bearing these names lived in Kent in the time of Henry VI. The theory of the *Atlantic Monthly*, that Rosalinde is an anagram for Rose Daniel, is ingenious, but (to us) not convincing. In our opinion it is scarcely possible that the sister of a poor poet could be "the widow's daughter of the glenne" to whose high birth and consequent haughtiness Spenser frequently alludes; indeed, two lines from "Colin Clout's come Home again" seem to us to sufficiently refute the theory that Rosalind or Rosalinde was Rose Daniel:

Not then to her, that scorned thing so base,
But to myself the blame, that look'd so high.

"That skittish female," as Upton calls her, has yet, we think, to be discovered. Mr. Gilfillan propounds the theory that "poets and men of poetical temperament, loving once, love for ever." This dictum may be true, but we hold that it is one not easily proved. The number of poets who have loved once must in that case be somewhat small; and we imagine that it might more easily be proved that poets disappointed in love are off with the old love and on with a new quite as readily as any other class of men. We hope, for the honour of the liberal and kind-hearted Earl of Essex, that Spenser did not die "in great penury" after his return from Ireland. That he was buried at the Earl's charge scarcely proves this; at all events, we trust that the friend who was so careful of him when dead did not altogether forget him during the few and evil days of the latter part of his life. Drummond, in his "Conversations with Ben Jonson," says: "Ben Jonson told me that Spenser's goods were robbed by the Irish in

Desmond's rebellion, his house and a little child of his burnt, and he and his wife merely escaped; that he afterwards died in King-street, by absolute want of bread; and that he refused twenty pieces sent him by the Earl of Essex, and gave this answer to the person who brought them: 'That he was sure he had no time to spend them.'" Mr. Gilfillan's treatise on the "Genius and Poetry of Spenser" is interesting, though occasionally, in our opinion, somewhat too magniloquent. We scarcely think the following comparison altogether a fair one:

Sometimes he (Spenser) introduces an impertinent or puerile idea to make out his complement of rhymes, and often he employs harsh ellipses and inversions. Still the marvel is, that in such a long poem he has failed so seldom. We remember, for instance, in the course of the whole "Faerie Queene," no such lame and impotent conclusion as the following from Byron's "Childe Harold"—subject, "Address to the Ocean":

Thou send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope, in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: there let him lay (!)

With the exception of Byron's slip in grammar (which might be paralleled from the writings of almost every other poet), the lines are well enough, being, indeed, a half translation, or rather imitation, of part of the fifth and fourteenth odes of Horace's first book. The marginal explanations given by the editor are, on the whole, much to the point. If they err at all, it is on the right side—that of over-frequency. We think, however, that readers of Spenser scarcely require to be informed that "wend" means "go," "refection" "refreshment," "fond" "foolish," "thorough" "through," "fain" "desire," "deem" "judge," "stride" "step or pace," &c. We are, however, getting hypercritical; and the error, if error it be, is decidedly on the right side. We will conclude with saying that on the whole we know of no other edition of Spenser as valuable as that edited by Mr. Gilfillan. We should, however, have preferred the poet's original orthography to the modernised form of words given by the editor, which ministers too much, in our opinion, to the laziness of modern book-skimmers. As a means of teaching the English language, Spenser's poem, in its present guise, is almost valueless.

CENTENARY SONGS.

The Burns' Centenary Poems: a Collection of Fifty of the Best.
Selected and edited by GEORGE ANDERSON and JOHN FINLAY.
Glasgow: Thomas Murray and Son. pp. 264.

IF ADMIRABLE PAPER AND TYPOGRAPHY could atone for a deficiency of matter, then would the volume before us be worthy of all praise. As, however, general opinion pronounces otherwise, we must, duly yielding to it, affirm that this book is a very worthless one. There is scarcely anything among these poems, or rather rhymings, which, if we followed the simple promptings of humanity, we should care to preserve; and we think that the half-dozen authors who have chosen to keep their names secret have exercised a wise discretion in so doing. It is, perhaps, worth noting that the half-dozen poems we speak of are amongst the best in the volume; which at least says something for the modesty, if not the poetry, of their authors. Attracted by the name of Mr. John Everett Millais, and hoping that his poetry was an improvement upon his later pictures, we turned to the stanzas indited by that gentleman in honour of the greatest of Scotland's poets. To say that they would be rated as inferior had they appeared in the poets' corner of some County Chronicle, where young ladies chiefly criticised and contributed, is only to state a truism. There is, indeed, one excellent line among Mr. Millais's three score; but that, unfortunately, was written a century before by the poet whom Mr. Millais delights to honour. We subjoin the first three stanzas as a fair specimen of the rest:

All through the realm a single cry
Is heard unanimously raised,—
Pledge Robert Burns's memory,
And let his honoured name be praised!
Unite, and meet, with one accord,
To swell and propagate his fame,

And stand beside the festive board
To drink a bumper to his name!
The palace, hall, and mansion ring
With one long hearty acclamation;
And church bells peal, as for a king
In triumph to his coronation.

If this be poetry, we should like to be informed what is indifferent prose. We have "the best six selected by the judges," with the exception of Miss Isa Craig's, which is doubtless known to the great majority of our readers. Nearly all the other authors, unwilling to put their light under a bushel, have, we believe, otherwise published their poems. We must, however, except the second poem, which, though anonymous, is one of the six selected by the Crystal Palace judges, and which is perhaps the best in the book. We give the first three stanzas in justice to our quotation from Mr. Millais's poem; they are, however, by no means the best:

Birth-days, my brothers!—do not our affections
Mark them with cross or star
Of prophecies, still more than recollections,
In home's sweet calendar?
Then why keep birth-days of the great men sleeping
Under the church-yard grass?—
No prophecies of gladness or of weeping
Across the hush'd ones pass.
Below, there may be shadows raining over,
And sunlights chasing fleet,
And seasonable change of bud and clover
At the cold head and feet.

The first poem in the book is, as the editor informs us, "that which the Crystal Palace judges considered so nearly equal to the Prize Poem, that they had considerable difficulty in deciding between them."

It is just so good, that we hope it will enable its writer to see that his vocation is not poetry.

School and College Prize Poems, as we hold, fulfil a more important function than is generally recognised, or at least allowed. They save us from a swarm of poetasters who would otherwise injure our feelings and their own pockets by persisting in imagining themselves poets. Few gentlemen who have written college prize poems, unless they be true poets like Mr. Tennyson, ever care to trouble the public a second time. They have learned by competition to know themselves, or at least their powers of writing poetry, and wisely prefer silence to poetical mediocrity and pecuniary loss. This, too, is generally the case with the thousand and one unsuccessful competitors; and if a pleasing verse writer is thus occasionally lost to the world, we can bear his loss with equanimity, seeing that by his sacrifice millions of bad verses are crushed in the bud.

The editors have exercised a wise discretion in placing, so far as they are concerned, the poems in this volume indiscriminately. The judges at the Crystal Palace were guarded by the authority and election of the donors of the prize; and yet the murmurs against their decisions were many and loud. We may express our opinion that they performed their difficult and thankless task admirably; and, though we do not much admire Miss Isa. Craig's poem, there are certainly none in the volume before us that we should prefer to hers. Had the editors attempted to arrange these fifty poems in the order of merit, they would not only have attempted a very difficult task, but would have earned far more blame than praise.

In favour of the poems which gained the prize at the Belfast competition, we must add that they are considerably shorter, and not otherwise inferior to the majority of those presented to the Crystal Palace judges. We will conclude with giving the opening stanzas of each of the editor's poems; and first Mr. Finlay's:

A noble man, the mighty Poet's sire,
To poverty and high-soul'd virtue born;
Deep in his heart there burn'd celestial fire,
Though bow'd with hardships, or by anguish torn.
The weary closing day, and blushing morn
Rich with the voice of psalms, and lowly prayer,
The old and young, with rustic labour worn,
Felt in their glowing hearts God's gracious care;
And sweet contentment filled each humble bosom there.

Next, the first two stanzas of Mr. Anderson's Crystal Palace poem:

Time rolls apace, and draws its sombre curtain
O'er generations passing from our view;
We find old friendships fading, sad, uncertain—
Old hopes, old feelings, changing into new.
A hundred years! and Time's destroying finger
Has left but little of the wreck behind,
Save radiant stars that through the darkness linger—
Bright emanations of immortal mind.

Despite what we have said, we hope that our readers will purchase copies of this book, as the proceeds (which we trust will be considerable) are to be devoted to a charitable purpose; and we may mention that amongst the names of the writers are those of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Gerald Massey, Stanyan Bigg, Col. Vetch, Sydney Whiting, &c.

Horæ Hebraicae et Talmudicae: Hebrew and Talmudical Exercitations upon the Gospels, the Acts, some chapters of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and the first Epistle to the Corinthians. By JOHN LIGHTFOOT, D.D., Master of Catharine Hall, Cambridge. A New Edition, by the Rev. ROBERT GANDELL, M.A. &c. In 4 vols. (Oxford: at the University Press.)—The "Horæ Hebraicae" of Dr. Lightfoot still holds its place among scholars as a book that may be advantageously studied in the criticism of the New Testament. Its author was one of the most acute as well as one of the most learned writers of the seventeenth century, being especially distinguished for his acquaintance with the Hebrew language, and that not only as exhibited in the books of the Old Testament, but in the Talmud and the writings of the Rabbinical Doctors. Although educated at Cambridge, it was not until after he left that university that Dr. Lightfoot applied himself to the study of Hebrew, chiefly urged to do so by Sir Rowland Cotton, his earliest patron, who took him into his house and made him his chaplain. At a later period he was presented by Sir R. Cotton to the rectory of Ashley in Staffordshire. Here he laboured for twelve years with indefatigable industry upon his favourite study. When the "troubles" came between Charles and his Parliament, and it was resolved by the latter to alter the ecclesiastical polity of the country, Lightfoot, who was known to have a leaning towards Presbyterianism, was appointed a member of the Assembly of Divines appointed to carry out that object. He accordingly came to London and cordially entered upon the business of his office, making several speeches and advocating the Presbyterian form of Church government with considerable vehemence. He also preached several times before Parliament, and was rewarded for his services by being made successively Master of Catharine Hall, Margaret Professor of Divinity, and Vice-Chancellor of the University. The last-mentioned office he entered upon in 1655, having taken his degree of D.D. three years previously. At the Restoration Dr. Lightfoot offered to resign his mastership of Catharine Hall, but found a friend in Archbishop Sheldon, who smoothed the way for him towards a reconciliation with Mother Church; soon after which he was appointed one of the assistants at the conference upon the Liturgy, but only attended one or two of the sittings, preferring to devote himself to the composition of a learned work upon which he was then engaged, namely, a "Harmony of the Old and New Testaments." Dr. Lightfoot died in 1675, much regretted by the favourers of Rabbinical learning, in which it is said that "he was excelled by none, and had few equals." With all the scholars in that branch of learning in his day he was intimate, and encouraged them by his counsel and assistance. Besides his published works in thirteen volumes (last edition by Pitman), he assisted in

bringing out the celebrated London Polyglott of Bishop Walton, and he is thought also to have assisted Castell in his learned lexicon. For these services done to sound learning we readily pardon his inconsistency on the score of Church government, and thank the delegates of the University of Oxford for this handsome reissue of the most valuable of his works. Mr. Gandell, in discharging his duty of editor, has, we are happy to perceive, done all that could have been required at his hands so far as verifying the quotations and securing accuracy goes, but we could have wished that he had prefixed some short biographical account of the author, which would have given additional interest to the present edition.

Heroes of the Laboratory and the Workshop. By C. L. BRIGHTWELL. (Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.) pp. 222.—The writer of this little volume gives a somewhat romantic reason for its composition. While walking some months ago in Norwich he met a workman and offered him a book as a gift. As the recipient stretched out his hand, the donor was struck with the contrast between the artisan's "broad labour-stained palm" and his own "slight fingers." He then determined to write a book, which, narrating the lives of men who have risen to greatness from the workshop, must necessarily interest working men in general. Without investigating the logic of the writer's reasons, we willingly own the kindheartedness which prompted, and the success which has attended, his literary effort. We have the story of the lives of more than twenty worthies, of all countries, written in alphabetical order. The names of the first six persons will give a good idea of the others whose biographies are to be found in this little volume. We have, to begin with, Arkwright, Berthollet, Brindley, Caxton, Cellini, Sir Humphry Davy, and so on to the end of the alphabet. The book is interesting, from its concise and simple style, and we trust will come into the hands of many workmen. It is a book, too, that would be a great favourite with most intelligent boys.

The Royal Barracks: a Poem. (Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co.) pp. 84.—This little book is not nearly as bad as the invocation to Martin Tupper at its commencement led us to conclude. We admit that Mr. Tupper has sung of "beauty" and "love," but certainly not, in our opinion, with "all a poet's art," nor "in words that shall not die." We are only surprised that his words have not died long ago, but feel some consolation in the reflection that when they do once die, there will be no resurrection for them. We do not mean to flatter the author of this little volume when we say that in our opinion he writes nearly, if not quite, as well as the author of "Proverbial Philosophy." "The Royal Barracks" shows considerable power of versifying; and the concluding stanzas to Erin remind us of a prize poem which has only missed winning the prize.

The Beast and his Image; or, the Coming Crisis. (Saunders, Otley, and Co.) pp. 105.—This book might have been written by Dr. Cumming. At least, it scrutinises mystic passages of Holy Scripture, and builds extravagant theories upon them, with nearly the same irreverent glibness which characterises Scriptural investigation à la Cumming. We have not, indeed, in these pages the offensive dogmatism which, springing from distorted Calvinistic principles, quietly condemns to some terrible fate all persons who venture to hold opinions differing from the rules laid down by certain "unco guid." Dr. Cumming has decided that something out of the way is to happen in 1864; and the author of this little volume calculates that that year will witness the restoration of the Jews. "Credat Judeus." For ourselves, we require to see before we can be convinced. We must have some stronger foundation to rest upon than a few uncertain dates and inferences, which might be tortured into anything. We are sorry to have to speak unkindly of a little volume, the profits of which (if any) will be appropriated to the relief of the destitute in the metropolis.

A Handy Book on the Law of Husband and Wife, &c. By JAMES WALTER SMITH, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law. (Effingham Wilson.) pp. 98.—To the general reader this little volume will furnish a clear and succinct account of the various laws relating to marriage, &c. We do not want young gentlemen who are not intended to be limbs of the law to go about primed with a diluted smattering of legal knowledge, and the idea that it is a very dangerous thing to fall in love. Still, when divorces are daily taking place, it may be as well to understand what a solemn contract and vow the future husband and wife are about to make, not only morally but legally. Mr. Smith has popularised the law of marriage, and made it intelligible to all who choose to read his book.

Strikes: their Causes and their Evils. By JOHN PLUMMER. (Tweedie.) pp. 15.—The writer of these brief pages calls himself "the Kettering Factory Operative." If he be really an operative, he is evidently one of those rare men whose cool heads and strong understandings prove the best antidotes against the evils of ignorance and agitation. Mr. Plummer's views on labour questions appear to us to be thoroughly sound. He condemns the evil policy of strikes in forcible and logical language, and refutes in the clearest manner possible the fatal mistake of supposing that machinery is the enemy of the workman. These pages (which cost but one penny) should be sown broadcast among the operative classes by those employers who prefer conviction to coercion.

Freedom of Labour. By JOHN PLUMMER. (Kettering: T. Waddington.) pp. 15.—Another little pamphlet, by the same hand, denouncing all manner of combinations and associations as calculated to interfere with that freedom of labour to which every man has an inherent right. The views are sound and well-expressed, and, as this is the third edition, may be supposed to have made some progress in the favour of those for whom they were intended.

The Poetical Works of Eliza Cook. Illustrated. (Routledge and Co.)—This cheap and elegant little volume will doubtless have many readers. Not a few of the songs of our English poetess have now become "household words;" and it would have been a great pity had others, not inferior, been allowed to slumber eternally in forgotten periodicals and journals. We like Miss Cook most when she is least ambitious. Her simple melodies are intelligible to all; and "The Old Arm-chair" will be remembered and cherished when "Melaia" and "Tracy de Vore" are forgotten. We trust heartily that Miss Cook will soon again be able, with renovated health, to take her place among the literary workers of the age.

Arguments in Favour of the Galway Mail Steam-ship Line. By an Independent Liberal. (Baily Brothers.) pp. 19.—A defence of the line and of the late Government; pointing out the advantage of the former, and denying that the latter intended the subsidy granted as a purchase-money for votes. If the writer be rightly named a Liberal, there can be no doubt at all about his independence.

Painless Dental Surgery: a Popular Treatise on Congelation; its Efficiency and Safety in producing Insensibility to Pain in Cases of Tooth-extraction and other Dental Operations. By WALTER F. BINDLEY. (Simpkin and Marshall.) pp. 77.—In this little tractate, Mr. Bindley, who is a practical dentist, opposes all the anæsthetics and contrivances for lessening or destroying pain which have lately come into use, and gives his voice unequivocally for congelation—a mode of applying cold so as to suspend all sensation in the nerves of the teeth.

Pictures from Sicily. By the Author of "Forty Days in the Desert." (A. Hall and Virtue.)—The issue of this new and elegant re-issue of Mr. Bartlett's graceful "Pictures from Sicily," is doubtless in answer to a public demand. The plates seem as fresh as ever, and in typography, paper, and general getting-up the volume is all that can be desired.

The King's Secret: a Romance of English Chivalry. By TYRONE POWER, Esq. (Thomas Hodgson.)—This is a lively, dashing account of feats of English arms and chivalry under the leadership of King Edward III. and the Black Prince. It reminds us a good deal of some of Mr. James's novels, and will furnish some hours of pleasant reading to those persons who are disinclined to turn to graver themes.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Vol. XIII. Supplement. (Routledge and Co.) pp. 1,015.—This volume, which comprehends nearly 2,700 distinct articles, may be regarded not only as a supplement to the "National Cyclopædia," but to all other encyclopædias whose contents require alterations and amendments to keep pace with the progress of advancing time. As far as we have examined, the articles seem very correct, and quite as fully written as was consistent with the scope of the volume before us. We have here a veritable *multum in parvo*, which we heartily recommend to the attention of our readers, until it also, in due time, shall require a supplement.

The *National Magazine* is, as always, various and pleasant in its contents. From among the more attractive articles may be cited: "Sketches from the Diary of a Naval Officer, 1844-48;" a capital sketch of George Psalmanazar, that curious impostor, whom Johnson eulogised as the best man he ever knew; a continuation of Mr. Robert Brough's novel, "Which is Which?" "Musings in Long Acre," by Walter Thornbury; and another instalment of Mr. Sutherland Edwards's "Sketches and Studies in Russia." The pictorial embellishments are of average merit.

The *New Quarterly Review* for July contains an excellent article on "Turkey." "The Italian Question" has reached a passing phase evidently not expected by the writer, and indeed by very few other persons. The Art Summary embraces the various topics of Exhibitions and Pictures, Music, and the Drama. The retrospect of the Literature of the Quarter contains short reviews of most of the books that have appeared during the last three months. We cannot, however, accept many of the conclusions of the reviewer; as for instance, that Mr. Wade's

book on "Women Past and Present" treats a well-worn subject with accuracy and completeness, and a good sense it has seldom received. We have before noticed the book, and decline to change our opinion of it upon the mere dictum of any writer. In our opinion, "The Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn" is as much under-rated as Mr. Wade's book is over-praised.

The *Dublin University Magazine* for this month is certainly not wanting in variety. The number opens with the first three chapters of a novel entitled "Artist and Craftsman," which appears to us of considerable promise. Bunsen's Egypt is fairly, though severely, criticised by a most competent authority, the Rev. Dr. Hincks. The Baron, by the aid of arguments drawn from glottology and a solitary piece of pottery, attempts to show that man has existed on the earth since the year 20,000 B.C., and that about 10,000 years B.C. there took place a deluge in Central Asia, from which the Egyptians and Chinese and some other fortunate races managed to escape. The subject, which is a somewhat difficult one, has been admirably investigated by Dr. Hincks, whose authority on most matters relating to ancient chronology is admitted to be very considerable. "The Alabama Slave" is quaint and occasionally musical, but nothing more. The "University Essay" for this month forms an excellent article from Archdeacon Rowan on "Luther's Devil Talk." "Poems by James Orton" is a just and kindly review, which, pointing out faults, also gives praise when due. "Italy and the Fatherland" is energetic and well written, and warns Englishmen not to throw away their influence by wasting their sympathy on Austria. Of course, the writer could have had no idea that the cessation of arms was so close at hand; and we should imagine that he would be scarcely satisfied with the terms of the peace concluded. "George Villiers at Home" and "Volunteering" will both well repay perusal. "The Society of British Artists" is carefully written. Mr. Lever's "Gerald Fitzgerald" is brought to a close. "The Season Ticket" is one of the best articles in the magazine, and reminds us of some of the admirable papers signed "A. K. H. B." in *Fraser's*. "Sweet Keys" treats of the musical pitch, and suggests a possible solution of the problem, "How are we to obtain a fixed absolute tone?" The "Old Sea Lion" is devoted to a brief review of the life of one of England's naval worthies—happily, still living—Lord Dundonald. On the whole, the *Dublin University Magazine* need not shrink from comparison with any of its monthly contemporaries.

We have also received: *The Universal Decorator*. Part I. Second Series. (Houlston and Wright.)—*The War in Italy, with a Preliminary History of the Vicissitudes and Policy of Napoleon III.* By E. H. Nolan, Ph.D., LL.D. Part I. (John Wesley.)—*Poetry for Repetition*. Edited by the Rev. H. Twells, M.A., Head Master of the Godolphin Foundation School, Hammersmith. (Longmans.)—*An Occasional Discourse on Sauerteig*. By Smelfungus. (Glasgow: James Maclehose.)—Not having the key to this, we can only pronounce it to be an attack upon somebody, written in a would-be, but not eminently successful, attempt at Carlylese. —*The Sanitary Reform of the British Army*. By *ἡλισταπιάστis*. Third Edition. (W. & R. Chambers.)—*The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction*. A New Edition. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—*The Comprehensive History of England*. Parts XXI and XXII. (Blackie and Son.)

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FRANCE.

Notes from Paris on Literature, Art, the Drama, &c.

Paris, July 13.

ILLUSTRIOUS SUICIDES: Biographies of Remarkable Persons in all Countries who have Perished Voluntarily from the Commencement of the World to the Present Day." A more extraordinary and unattractive subject than the above could scarcely have been imagined; yet one well-known French author, Charles Nodier, is said to have proposed it to himself; a second literary man, M. Dabadie, has executed it in part, has published one, and promises two more series; and a third writer, M. Sartorius, introduces the volume now issued to the world by a prefatory notice. In this editorial advertisement, the latter gentleman says it is singular that during thirty years—why that period is fixed upon does not appear—we have been inundated by celebrated brigands, celebrated kings, celebrated women, celebrated children, and celebrated animals, but nobody thought of chronicling the celebrated suicides. There is no disputing on matters of taste, but we are more surprised, not that such a subject should have been thought of—for what subject does not arise from time to time in the active alembic of imaginative brains?—not that it should have been taken up and worked out now, but that it should have been let alone so long.

The introduction to the work is interesting, but it consists principally of quotations from other authors, and of reproductions of other men's ideas. Amongst other citations is a curious passage from "Reflections on Suicide," by Elias Regnault, who says that suicide is the highest expression of man's liberty, the most energetic protestation of the superiority of his nature. Why, he asks, do not animals commit suicide? Because their nature is entirely passive. M. Dabadie does not, happily, deal much in statistics, but he gives the number of suicides that were committed in France from 1851 to 1855, both inclusive; by which it appears that they are on the increase, the total for the last year being 3830, or more than four hundred above that of 1853, the lowest during the period in question. The examples are drawn from all countries, ancient and modern, and are arranged on no apparent plan, alphabetical, chronological, or analytical. Castlereagh comes between Kleist and Caius Gracchus, and Samson the Hebrew next after Romano, the victim of Ferdinand II. of Naples. As regards the execution of the biographies, as they are called by the author in his title-page, they might take rank

with those of the other celebrities referred to in the editorial notice quoted above, if they were only interesting.

Mr. Linton, the English wood-engraver, who is connected with the *Monde Illustré* here, brought an action against a rival paper, the *Univers Illustré*, for reproducing an engraving by him published two years ago in an English newspaper, with the date altered from 1856 to 1858. Mr. Linton wrote a letter to the editor of the latter journal, for insertion in his paper; but this was refused, in consequence, as stated, of an injurious phrase which it contained. The defendant declared that it was not Mr. Linton who was the real prosecutor, but the proprietors of the paper to which he was attached, a higher-priced journal, jealous of the success of its younger opponent. In answer to this it was asserted that no illustrated paper could be published at the price of the latter without recourse being had to dishonest practices. It was asserted on the other side, though not proved apparently, that the alteration of the date was an error which was rectified as soon as discovered. The tribunal accepted this latter plea, ordered that Mr. Linton's letter should be inserted in the *Univers* without the objectionable passage, but refused him any compensation, and left him to pay his own expenses. This decision does not, on the face of it, seem as equitable as usual in like cases here.

The annual grand prizes in harmony were bestowed the other day at the Institute. The theme selected was entitled "Bajazet," and was the production of M. Edouard Monnais. The composition which obtained the first prize was by M. Guiraud, pupil of Halévy; the second by M. Dubois, pupil of Ambroise Thomas; honourable mention was made of a third, by M. Paladilhe, also pupil of Halévy.

The Academy has awarded the Monthyon prize of 2,000 francs to M. Pécontal for his volume of "Legends," which was noticed in the *Critic* of the last week in June.

The theatres are not expected to produce many novelties in the dog days, and they are not accustomed to throw away their money at this season. Many of them would be delighted to close their doors, but that, with few exceptions, they have not the power to do. So the leading actors star it in the provinces, and the rest play old popular pieces for the delectation of the working classes and a sprinkling of strangers. The Gymnase, aided by three literary men, that is, a young writer and two sponsors *à la mode de Paris*, has managed to produce a one-act comedy called "Rosalinde." The piece is thoroughly French. The heroine is a young lady of the time of the Regency, somehow nominally connected with

the opera, but otherwise indescribable. She is represented as living with a certain amount of consideration for the opinion of the world. She allows certain gentlemen to have a key to her apartments, but only one at a time. Herein lies her sense of propriety. She has an intimate acquaintance named *Lelio*, a comedian, who is favoured with one of these passes; but on a certain evening, when this gentleman was engaged in an important representation at Versailles, another acquaintance, a young marquis, is the happy possessor of a duplicate. The performance at Versailles is, however, interrupted, and *Lelio* thinks of *Rosalinde*, and determines to finish the evening at her house. When the key grates in the lock the young marquis, *Maxime*, who has seen but eighteen summers, slips into a cabinet and *Rosalinde* runs out of the room in order to escape the ennui of a scene. *Lelio* guesses the whereabouts of the favoured visitor, and by certain innuendoes draws him from his hiding place; a few high words follow, a pass or two made with the swords, and then the two gentlemen cool down. *Lelio* gives young *Maxime* an insight into the knowledge of female life, in its worst phase, and the two sit down together to the supper, which they eat with great gusto. When *Mlle. Rosalinde* re-appears her two visitors are singing a duet, and simultaneously present her with the now little valued keys. This bagatelle was played to perfection, and achieved a decided success. The moral is good, as usual, and the course of teaching agreeable. If the world is not rendered good by such gentle and elegant discipline, what chance can there be for the success of pedagogues and prison discipline? If

Vice is a creature of such hideous mien,
That to be hated need but to be seen,

then the French stage is the normal school, and philosophers and moralists have only to perfect their morality by their attendance upon the soirées of *Rosalinde* and her many counterparts.

ITALY.

Florence, July 13.

THE FAIREST AMONG ITALIAN CITIES never struck me so much by its brightly animated aspects as when I arrived the other day, shortly after the downfall of a hated government, after a new life had been infused and new hopes kindled by the conquests already achieved and the prospects of triumphs still more complete for the cause of Italian independence. Like some "exulting and abounding river" unchecked in its joyous current, compared with the same waters frozen and motionless under the chains of winter, such is the Tuscany of the present day contrasted with what it was under the dead weight of reactionary oppression and Austrian occupation; and it really awakens a thrill of sympathetic rejoicing to see this cultivated people and their beautiful city, as a revolution almost unexampled for purity and justness in motives and action has left them. Without tumult or departure from the accustomed routine of occupation and duty was effected this emancipation by a movement that was and continues to be simply the unchecked expression of patriot feeling and conviction, the protest against all that is opposed to, and irreconcilable with, natural interests, progress, and everything dear to an intelligent, high-minded people. It is the very sunshine of the heart, the generosity of the awakened intellect, that now animates Florence. I walked through the streets on the day of my arrival, and but for the picturesque character of their unchanging features could scarcely have recognised them, so completely new seemed the moral expression and life around me here. Uniforms of rainbow variety—French, Piedmontese, Tuscan, Roman—gave brilliancy to the crowded groups; the significant three colours appeared in cockades and favours worn by almost every man and boy, displayed in silken banners or handkerchiefs at almost every shop, café, or public building; the portraits of Victor Emmanuel, Napoleon, Garibaldi, Cavour, and other heroes of the Italian cause, were at some window in every street, and particularly at the cafés, those of the two belligerent sovereigns most conspicuous between the tricolor flags, that waved above tables loaded with journals, maps of the seat of war, political bulletins, and addresses; at every corner of the street were assembled knots of people reading the last telegraphic despatches, the bulletins from the camp, the words of the Emperor or the King, or addresses of corporations and provinces to those sovereign deliverers, exalted now by every attribution of political and military virtues, surrounded by all the lustre that can fascinate an imaginative or stimulate an excitable people. "Italia libera—Dio lo vuole," was one of the devices that met my eye amidst the symbolic colours; whilst at every window and stall of the book-vendors, were publications from the sonnet and pamphlet to the octavo volume and periodical series, a complete library of *pièces d'occasion*, all on the questions of absorbing interest and the local events of moment for this peninsula—the emancipation of her several states from their several oppressions, the evils of Austrian interference, the abuses of Rome, the persecutions of Naples, the incidents of the last few months, as well as the aggregate development of national destinies within the last fateful decade of years—this torrent of political literature almost entirely poured forth within the few months, in great part within the few weeks preceding, with a redundancy of mental productiveness that certainly shows remarkable capacities, quickness to think and to bring forth on subjects of high interest, in the Tuscan intellect of the present day. The immense importation of French publications relating to the Italian question, the policy and antecedents of the idolised Emperor, for the most part translated, is also noticeable among the proofs of industry and vitality. On the evening of my arrival was a performance at a public theatre, though exclusively by amateur comedians, for the benefit of those fighting and the families left suffering for Italy; the entertainment consisting of two new comedies, one with decidedly political allusion, and a recitation between the acts of Manzoni's "Cinque Maggio;" the receipts supplying respectable contributions to those offerings that continue pouring in from every class of citizens, nobles and artisans, ministers and humble employés, communities of country towns and villages, many binding themselves to so much per month in renewed instalments, and among others (I am glad to perceive, for their honour and interest) not the least liberal being the higher clergy. As to the ex-sovereign of these states, who is now only remembered with

contempt, I have heard particulars of his flight and his treachery somewhat beyond the details yet generally brought to light, and tending rather more to compromise the character of that Grand Duke who has so signally disregarded and forfeited the opportunity of holding a brilliant position secured by the affectionate loyalty of the most cultivated people in Italy's fairest regions. One is reminded of Dante's denunciations against him who "per viltà fece il gran rifiuto;" and certainly the discovered correspondence with the Austrian Emperor, the sealed orders consigned at the fortress for firing on the city at the expected crisis, the answer respecting 40,000 Austrian bayonets in lieu of accepting either alternative proposed to his Royal Highness for preserving the throne to his dynasty, have supplied profoundly significant documents to the history of this country, fraught with lessons for the benefit of the governing and the governed. I am told no spectacle could have been more exultingly beautiful, more admirably expressive of the spirit of a people feeling themselves brothers in a just cause, than that presented in these streets on the day of grand demonstration for the War of Independence and the suspended Constitution of '48, the morrow to which was signalled by that pusillanimous flight amidst spectators who offered no insult, who had never by a single act of violence justified the bad faith or craven policy of the fugitive.

Without dwelling on events sufficiently made known, I would only observe, in regard to the Florentines, how sustained is their tranquillity and self-control, how unaltered the well-known amenities of social life among them, after a catastrophe that has completely changed the foundations of their political existence, and, amidst rapidly succeeding events that attract the eyes of all Europe to Italy, excite the liveliest emotion, and touch the most vibrating chords of national feeling throughout this land, and announce one of those historic epochs when an Omnipotent Will seems to announce itself. Let the line adopted by the Provisional Government bear witness whether the interests of justice, enlightenment, toleration, are not promoted and promised furtherance by the results of this pacific revolution! After a sojourn of only three days, I can as yet but glance at the surface of things; but there the notes of hope, the signs of progress and intelligence, are unmistakable; not one indication of licentiousness or democratic impetuosity, not one threat against institutions that are venerable, against persons or classes that are respectable. At the cathedral, early on a Sunday morning, I was less impressed by the majestic harmonies of architecture, the silver gleaming from illumined altars through the perspective of vast arcades in solemn twilight, or the swelling strains of the organ and chanted rite, than by the hushed devout recollectiveness of the crowd, whose numbers and piety bore proof that alienation from religion is not with any majority here among the consequences of the present movement; and while the temporal sovereignty of the Pope is now almost universally condemned by the judgment of thinking men in Italy, the Catholic clergy have not (as I believe) any reason to fear for the higher, the purely spiritual, claims to the ascendancy of that worship whose altars they serve. Nor is there any change in those courtesies and enjoyments offered the visitor here: the Pitti Palace is no longer a residence, Prince Napoleon having contented himself with less splendid quarters, but the hall and its picture gallery remain open just as formerly; so with the Uffizi, now frequented more by soldiers than by tourist foreigners; so with the public libraries, whilst those for private circulation, the subscription reading-rooms for books and journals, are on the increase here to a degree leaving far behind the literary accommodations of almost every other Italian city. I might describe the entertaining and novel spectacle of the French encampment in the Cascine, visited at all hours of the day while it lasted by crowds of citizens, to admire that picturesque confusion, listen to the bands, or take part in the improvised dances at the evening hours, with those light-hearted troops who are now feted and humoured in every way. True, the injury inflicted on plants and flower-beds in that favourite pleasure-ground of Florence was rather deplorable; but the encampment has been transferred partly to the Boboli Gardens, partly to the Poggio Imperiale Villa at a greater distance, whither, on the fine evenings, is still the favourite walk of these citizens; and a very curious, strangely picturesque, and half-comic *ensemble* is presented among the pleasant groves and platforms of that once princely residence amid a landscape of the most luxuriant loveliness. What then can be concluded from the general view of Florence in its social state after the overthrow of its late feeble government, vanishing like a mist before the sunlight of freedom, but that she has thereby forwarded herself on the way of civilisation and intelligence, advancing to attainments yet higher than even she, the flower and pride of the Italian peninsula, has reached at any period in her past? This seems guaranteed in the whole comportment of the courteous and amiable people among whom I find myself—in the gallant bearing and frank countenances of thousands just enrolled, the finest of Italy's youth, to fight for their country's emancipation—in the energetic and awakened spirit manifest in their literature, in countless other signs of hope and progress, respecting which and their promised results to political and moral conditions I would say, *Esto perpetua*.

NATIONAL COLLECTIONS.—A Parliamentary return was printed at the instance of Mr. Spooner, showing the sums expended under the heads of British Museum Establishment, British Museum Buildings, British Museum Purchases, National Gallery, Scientific Works and Experiments, Royal Geographical Society, British Historical Portrait Gallery, Science and Art Department, Museum of Practical Geology, and Royal Society, in each year from 1846 to 1859. The totals are: 1848, 134,808*l.*; in 1849, 122,742*l.*; in 1850, 96,713*l.*; in 1851, 103,841*l.*; in 1852, 122,991*l.*; in 1853, 111,114*l.*; in 1854, 114,627*l.*; in 1855, 163,588*l.*; in 1856, 228,860*l.*; in 1857, 202,476*l.*; in 1858, 214,574*l.*; and in 1858-9, 207,966*l.* 3*s.* 3*d.* The following are the details of the latter year: British Museum Establishment, 53,670*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*; British Museum Buildings, 32,765*l.* 19*s.* 8*d.*; British Museum Purchases, 19,830*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.*; National Gallery, 9,033*l.* 19*s.* 11*d.*; Scientific Works and Experiments, 5,218*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.*; Royal Geographical Society, 500*l.*; British Historical Portrait Gallery, 2,704*l.* 17*s.*; Science and Art Department, 77,055*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.*; Museum of Practical Geology (establishment), 6,186*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.*; Museum of Practical Geology (building), —; Royal Society, 1,000*l.* The total sum expended in the purchase and laying out of the grounds and buildings on the Kensington-gore estate from 1851 to 1858 inclusive was 372,100*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.*

THE DRAMA, ART, MUSIC, SCIENCE, &c.

THE DRAMA.

MR. TOM TAYLOR, whose prolific pen pours forth plays as glibly as attorneys do briefs, parsons sermons, and lecturers discourses, on Monday night gave another drama, or rather melodrama, to the Olympic stage, entitled "Payable on Demand." As the manners and scenes are those of Germany, we are not so well enabled to judge by internal evidence whether it is derived from a French source. We detected a few misnomers which showed that it was not of German origin, for it did not deal with the moneys and mercantile modes of Deutschland, nor did it give the Frankfort tone of the Jews; on the contrary, very strangely substituting the slang of a Duke's-place old clothesman for the German of a Ebrew Jew. Why a Jew in Germany should speak bad English we know not; but this, perchance, may be the mistake of the actor rather than of the author. But let us proceed to the more vital points of the new play. It is evidently written with a purpose; or rather the author, seeming to be at a loss to create any new theatrical or incidental interest, has been driven to endeavour to give dramatic character as a substitute. He has not been very successful, because he has evidently had no defined object, beyond getting a new piece out for the management and a new part for Mr. Robson. The British dramatist has not been unmindful of his Israelitish brother; but his patronage has neither been remarkable for its delicacy nor its efficacy. From *Shylock* downwards, the popular prejudices have been rather fostered than rebuked. With our early dramatists it was thought a sign of religious orthodoxy to abuse the Jew, and murder and malignity as well as cheating and avarice were unsparingly laid to his charge. With the progress of liberality this conduct was a little abated, and Cumberland even showed him as "benevolent." Mr. Taylor may have meant to do him like service; but the rickety honesty, and the extreme difficulty he has to go straight, show that the dramatist has the old orthodox notions as to this class of our fellow-subjects. This mode of defence seems to us worse than a direct attack; and, indeed, it is illiberal to make any distinction whatever, as we believe there is none, between the professors of this religion and any other well-educated English gentleman. It may be said that the avaricious creature presented in this play is no more a satire upon a particular race than Mr. Pecksniff is upon architects; that it is the vice, and not the personage or profession, which is satirised. Yet we must think it unfortunate to give all the qualities attributed by the illiberal and ignorant to a sect, and to make the character belong to it. The character of *Reuben Golsched* as a dramatic production has, however, some artistic shortcomings. The first act of the play is entirely melodramatic; the poor Jew is labouring as a petty jeweller for a charming young wife (a Christian by the way) and a little baby in a cradle. It is at the time of the first French Revolutionary War, and Frankfort is visited by the French to be liberated and plundered. A French Marquis trusts *Reuben* to sell his trinkets for his immediate wants, and finally confides to his care several thousands of pounds' worth of bills "payable on demand." For this he takes *Reuben's* acknowledgment, written in sympathetic ink, which he puts into a secret drawer in a little cabinet, and departs with under his arm. He, however, is killed on coming into contact with a troop of the French army of the "Republic one and indivisible;" which said troop visit *Reuben's* house, but, finding nothing to plunder, they kiss his wife and depart. The Christian wife, having a very national suspicion of her Jewish husband, makes him swear on the Scriptures, placed on his child's cradle, that he will restore the large amount confided to him whenever he can find out the lawful heir. This he assents to, compromising so far, that he resolves to go to Hamburg, Amsterdam, or London, wherever there is an exchange to be found and business to be done, and trade with the money thus come into his possession. The act ends, and a period of twenty-two years is supposed to have elapsed, and the curtain rises on the very showy and elegant drawing-room of a London millionaire. *Reuben* appears aged, but in much the same costume; but the infant has grown into a blooming lass, and the father has become the leading trader on the Stock Exchange. Now comes an effort to typify the great moneyed class. Richard III. may stand for the type of warriors on our stage, and Richelieu for the statesmen, and now *Reuben Golsched* is to represent the speculators. He is celebrating his daughter's birthday, and he resolves to devote himself to family affection and domesticity; but he is broken in upon by fellow-speculators, clerks, and agents, who come with fluctuating intelligence of the foreign news and of the fall and rise of stocks. He has worked for a rise in all the funds. The Allies are approaching Paris, and if they enter, and Napoleon falls, he is safe. He is run to his last hundred thousand pounds; still he goes on giving orders to buy up everything that will be affected by the great political event—the commander-in-chief's bills, gold, and stocks. He is threatened with stoppage of his house; he is perplexed with rumours of his failing credit; he is remonstrated with by friends; he is abjured to alter his course by his confidential clerk; but, like a second Cortez, he risks all for the empire of the money market. It is, as he says, his Austerlitz. One would suppose that in real life this situation would be enough to absorb the energies of even a Rothschild; but the theatrical stage is very exacting, and the agony of modern audiences must be piled to the highest point. In the midst of this, to show his coolness, he purchases, with great haggling and much mean device, a second-hand cabinet of a French dealer in nick-nacks, as a birthday present to his daughter, which, directly it is seen, is perceived to be the same the Marquis de St. Cast took away with him at Frankfort; and we all recollect, though *Reuben* does not, that it has a secret drawer in the lid, where *Reuben's* receipt and promissory note to pay the 200,000 thalers on demand will be found. In examining the present, the daughter finds the secret drawer, and in it

the apparent bit of blank paper, which *Reuben*, taking to the fire, perceives to be his receipt. His first impression is to destroy it; but he accidentally glances at the portrait of his deceased wife, and resolves to be honest. By one of those curious coincidences that so often happen on the stage and so seldom in real life, a young music-master comes in; and well might Aristotle declare "discovery" to be the most important incident of the drama, for now follow many of that potent theatrical article. The young man discovers that the cabinet was his father's; and *Reuben* and his daughter discover that he is the son of the Marquis who gave *Reuben* the money in trust; and the latter also discovers that he is bound to "pay on demand" the note that is now in the hand of the young Marquis; but the young Marquis also discovers that he adores the millionaire's daughter, and she makes an equally tender acknowledgement. The crisis of *Reuben's* fate is fast culminating. Ruin stares him in the face; still he pays the Marquis's note of hand; but the latter gives him the money back, and it goes into the great and absorbing speculation. Suddenly, a dead pigeon is brought in, which has been shot by a humble confederate of *Reuben's*, and it is found Paris has been entered by the Allies and Napoleon has fallen, and upmost go the funds, and *Reuben* becomes a double millionaire. Boundless wealth to the old man and boundless love to the young couple make a triumphant conclusion. Theatrically the piece is successful, and the acting of Mr. Robson full of that vivid emotional power he is so celebrated for. As a portrait of a peculiar class of men, and as a type of the grand speculator, we cannot accept it. As the exemplification of the acute, calm, smooth, far-seeing capitalist, who unites caution to daring and the profoundest calculation to the keenest speculation, we think the portrait a failure. As the restless stage miser, made up with a dash of Richard III., it may be effective; but we can hardly imagine it will otherwise be received as a fine dramatic creation. The scenery is capital, and the minor characters admirable in their fidelity, especially Mr. H. Wigan, first as a French republican officer, and then as a curiosity dealer. This doubling of characters pervades the piece, as Miss Wyndham plays the mother and the daughter very pleasingly; Mr. Gordon the old and young Marquis very nicely; and Mr. Cooke a young and old Jew with his usual judiciousness. Though not a first-class drama, still, thus performed, it will probably have a successful run.

At the Strand, a smartly-written burlesque of the "Lady of Lyons" has been produced. It appears that the author, Mr. Byron, has already produced a piece on the same subject, but has on the present occasion almost rewritten it, to suit the actors and actresses as well as the time; for burlesques, like pastry, require to be taken as soon as made, as there is no theatrical article that so quickly becomes stale. In these days of telegrams the news of one hour is destroyed by the succeeding, and allusions must assume the speed of electricity to keep up with the events. The other portion of burlesques consists in punning, and this seems to be inexhaustible; though, had we not found Mr. Byron as ingenious as his predecessors—indeed, more so, as he comes after them—we should have thought Mr. Talfourd and the rest of the comic writers had exhausted the changes of the language. The "Lady of Lyons" is in itself such a mass of artificiality and affectation, that to burlesque it is only just criticism, and we rejoice to see it shown in its true colours. Miss Charlotte Saunders shows something approaching to genius in her parody of the hero; and Miss M. Oliver is agreeable as the mock heroine, who, however, can hardly be mocked. Mr. Clarke makes a fierce *Beauséant*; and Mr. Turner and Mr. Poynter absurd representatives of *Damos* and *Mons. Deschappelles*. Mr. James Rogers was really comic as the *Widow Melnotte*. It is, as is now the custom at this well-managed little theatre, nicely put on the stage, and it gave great delight to the audience.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

ON THURSDAY AFTERNOON, Mr. Phillips, of Bond-street, offered for competition Hiram Power's statue of the "Greek Slave." In announcing the fact the auctioneer used the following rather extraordinary language: "This lovely figure, representing an historical fact—the exposure of a young and beautiful Greek girl for sale in a Turkish bazaar. The expression is intended to be that of extreme dejection, mingled with shame and disgust. The chaste and beautiful pose of this figure has won the admiration of the first artists of the day, and lecturers on anatomy have added their testimony to its marvellous correctness and beautiful representation of feminine beauty." We cannot quite agree with all the expressions here used. The statue certainly *did* excite a certain amount of admiration, but it was among the vulgar; the judicious regarded with no other feeling than distaste, pronouncing it to be untrue to nature, and very meretricious in feeling. However that may be, Mr. Power's statue was sold as advertised, and the Duke of Cleveland became the purchaser at the price of 180 guineas.

It has been determined, says the *Chester Chronicle*, to remove the present "out of character" tracery in the eastern window of the "Ladye Chapel," and replace it with the tracery of the period when the chapel was built. This restoration is in commemoration of the late Bishop Pearson, who was interred near.

The half-yearly meeting of the Bradford School of Design was held on Wednesday, the 6th inst., and the prizes gained by the pupils were distributed. On behalf of the committee an oral report stated that it was determined that the institution should be a purely local one, and that they would neither ask nor receive aid from Government. The number of ladies attending the classes was forty, and about sixty students attended the evening classes.

A monument, of white Carrara marble, is now in course of erection, by Mr. T. Gaffin, to the memory of the Hon. Barrington Reynolds Pellew, 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, youngest son of the late Pownall Viscount Exmouth, at Canonstern Church, Teignmouth. The monument is surrounded by an elaborately carved rifle and sword, in the centre of which is the badge of the regiment. The following is a copy of the inscription: "In memory of Brevet Major the Hon. Barrington Reynolds Pellew, 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade,

youngest son of the late Pownall Viscount Exmouth and of Georgiana, his wife; born April 13, 1833, died December 6, 1858. During his short career he had served with distinction in the Kafir War in South Africa, at the Siege of Sebastopol, the Storming of Canton, in China, and at the Final Assault and Capture of Lucknow, at which place he died of dysentery, caused by exposure in the field, in the 26th year of his age, beloved and deeply lamented."

The following is an official account of the pictures purchased for the National Gallery since the 31st of March, 1858: A portrait of Jeanne d'Arche, by Antonij Moro, was, with the sanction of the trustees and of the Treasury, purchased from Mr. C. J. Nieuwenhuys in June, 1858. At a meeting of the trustees on the 19th of July, 1858, Sir C. E. Eastlake submitted a list of various pictures on the Continent, either already known to him, or which it appeared desirable to inspect. He proposed to proceed to the Continent on the general understanding that the available funds might be employed in the purchase of pictures which he might consider eligible. The proposal was approved by the trustees at the same meeting, and subsequently by Treasury letter, dated 29th July, 1858. The following pictures were purchased on the Continent accordingly: A half-length portrait of a Brescian nobleman, by Moretto; a small picture of St. Francis, by Filippino Lippi; a picture of St. Dominick, ascribed to Marco Zoppo; the upper portion of an altar-piece, representing a Pietà; the "Dead Christ," with other figures, by Marco Palmezzano; a bust portrait of a lady, by Battista Zelotti; "The Madonna adoring the Sleeping Child," by Marco Bassiti; "the Madonna and Child," by Cima da Conegliano; a Pietà by Carlo Crivelli. Sir Charles Eastlake observed: "Not collections alone, but single pictures of excellence and rarity, can be obtained only at a considerable outlay. Although the actual expenditure during the past year has been comparatively small, large offers have been made, as yet in vain, for certain pictures; and in order that there should be sufficient means for taking advantage of opportunities which may sometimes unexpectedly arise, it is not desirable, whatever may be the balance now or for some years to come, to diminish the annual grant. In reviewing the acquisitions made of late years, it will appear that the deficiency which had previously existed of specimens of early Italian masters—a deficiency pointed out by the committee of the House of Commons in 1853—has been in a great degree supplied. The addition of specimens, whether of the Italian or Northern schools, of the great masters, and of the maturer periods of art, will be at once more difficult and more costly; and this is another reason for not reducing the means at the disposal of the trustees." A picture of a blind man led by a girl, painted by J. L. Dyckmans, bequeathed by Miss J. Clarke, was placed in the gallery in March last; and another, given by the late Mr. J. Kenyon, called "Geraldine" (a half-length figure), by W. Boxall, A.R.A., is to be placed or hung up at the South Kensington Museum. As soon as the new galleries at South Kensington are completed, it is intended to place in the larger of those galleries a portion of the pictures now in Trafalgar-square, as a temporary arrangement, till the alterations proposed to be made in the present National Gallery, on the removal of the Royal Academy, can be carried out. By this means it is hoped that sufficient space will be gained to hang the pictures in Trafalgar-square without undue crowding; although it may not be possible, under the circumstances, to arrange them quite systematically with regard to schools. Fourteen pictures were protected with glass in the year 1858, making a total number of sixty-four in Trafalgar-square. Four pictures were varnished during the year. 553,766 persons visited Trafalgar-square last year, and 238,377 the pictures in Marlborough House, now removed to Kensington. The highest price given for a picture last year was 641*l.* for a Marco Basaiti (Florence), and 537*l.* for a Marco Palmezzano (Rome). The lowest was 200*l.* for an Antonij Moro, bought in London.

The second report of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery was issued on Wednesday. From this it appears that the trustees have made some changes in the rules. 1. The rule which the trustees desire to lay down for themselves, in either making purchases or receiving presents, is to look to the celebrity of the person represented rather than to the merit of the artist. They will attempt to estimate that celebrity without any bias to any political or religious party. Nor will they consider great faults and errors, even though admitted on all sides, as any sufficient ground for excluding any portrait which may be valuable as illustrating the civil, ecclesiastical, or literary history of the country. 2. No portrait of any person still living, except only of the reigning sovereign, and of his or her consort, shall be admitted. 3. No portrait of any person deceased less than ten years shall be admitted, unless all the trustees in the kingdom, and not incapacitated by illness, shall, either at a meeting, or by letter, signify their approbation. 4. No portrait shall be admitted by donation, unless three-fourths, at least, of the trustees present at a meeting shall approve it. 5. No modern copy of an original portrait shall be admitted. 6. The number of three shall be a quorum at any meeting of the trustees. In their first report the trustees gave the list of thirteen donations as offered and accepted. Up to the present time that list may be continued as follows: 14. General Wolfe, 1726-1759 (painted by Highmore; presented by his Majesty the King of the Belgians, July 1858). 15. James Stuart, surnamed "Athenian Stuart," 1713-1788 (painter unknown; presented by Lieut. Stewart, R.N., November 1858). 16. William Petty, Earl of Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, 1737-1805 (painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds; presented by the Marquis of Lansdowne, June 1858). 17. Admiral Boscawen, 1711-1716 (painted by Sir J. Reynolds; presented by Viscount Falmouth, June 1858). 18. The Right Hon. Sir James Macintosh, 1765-1832 (painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence; presented by R. J. Macintosh, Esq., June 1858). 19. Robert Burns, 1759-1796 (painted by Raeburn and Nasmyth; presented by John Dillon, Esq., June 1858). 20. John Kemble, 1757-1823 (painted by Gilbert Stuart; presented by John Delane, Esq., July 1858). 21. Mrs. Siddons, 1755-1832 (painted by Sir William Beechey; presented by John Delane, Esq.). 22. John Keats, 1795-1821 (painted by Joseph Severn; presented by Smith Travers, Esq., January 1859). 23. President Forbes of Culloden, 1685-1747 (painter unknown; presented by Sir John Forbes, M.D., February 1859). 24. Dr. Edward Jenner, 1749-1823 (painted by Northcote; presented by J. Carrick Moore, Esq., February 1859). 25. Dr. Nathaniel Hooke, died 1764 (painted by Dandridge; presented by Lord Boston, March 1859). 26. Sir Charles Bell, 1774-1842 (painted by James Tannock; presented by Lady Bell, March 1859). But besides these donations, each of a single portrait, the trustees desire specially to mention another, in which many portraits are comprised. Her Majesty's Government have offered to the collection, and the trustees have with thanks accepted, the great picture of the House of Commons at the opening of the first reformed Parliament in January 1833, as painted by Sir George Hayter, and as recently secured to the nation by a vote of the House of Commons. This picture, which, exclusive of the frame, measures 17 feet by 10, contains nearly four hundred portraits, including, with the strangers represented at the bar, all the principal statesmen of the time, and cannot fail, when exhibited in a good situation, to attract great public interest. The trustees have only to regret that the very limited space of their temporary and far from convenient apartments has precluded the immediate reception of this valuable picture, which, therefore, although in due form accepted, remains for the present at their own request in the charge of her Majesty's Government. The purchases made up to May 1858 were stated in the last report of trustees as

amounting to twenty-two. They have now increased, as the following list will show, to forty-four:—23. William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, 1682-1764 (painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds; purchased March 18, 1858). 24. Nell Gwynne, 1640-1691 (painted by Sir Peter Lely; purchased May 1858). 25. The Right Hon. William Windham, 1750-1810 (painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence; purchased May 1858). 26. Lord Clive, 1725-1774 (painted by Dance; purchased May 1858). 27. Sir Ralph Winwood, 1564-1617 (painted by Mirevelt; purchased May 1858). 28. Theodore Hook, 1788-1841 (painted by Eddis; purchased May 1858). 29. Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1723-1792 (painted by himself; purchased May 1858). 30. The Princess Charlotte, 1796-1817 (painted by Dove; purchased July 1858). 31. John Opie, 1761-1807 (painted by himself; purchased June 1858). 32. The Earl of Southampton, the patron of Shakespeare, 1573-1624 (painted by Mirevelt; purchased July 1858). 33. Sir David Wilkie, 1785-1841 (painted by himself; purchased July 1858). 34. Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, 1648-1689 (painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller; purchased Nov. 1858). 35. John Dryden, 1631-1700 (painter unknown; purchased Dec. 1858). 36. George Colman the Elder, 1733-1794 (painted by Gainsborough; purchased, January, 1859). William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, 1578-1657 (painter unknown; purchased January, 1859). 38. King James VI. of Scotland, afterwards King James I. of England, aged 8, 1566-1625 (painter unknown; purchased February, 1859). 39. Mary, Countess of Pembroke, and sister of Sir Philip Sidney, died 1621 (painter uncertain; purchased February, 1859). 40. William Powlett, first Marquis of Winchester, 1475-1572 (painter uncertain; purchased February, 1859). 41. Anthony Ashley first Earl of Shaftesbury, 1621-1683 (painted by John Greenhill; purchased February, 1859). 42. William Congreve, 1669-1729 (painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller; purchased February, 1859). 43. Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, 1676-1745 (painted by Vanloo; purchased March, 1859). 44. Elizabeth, Princess of England and Queen of Bohemia, 1596-1662 (painted by Janssens; purchased March, 1859). It will be seen from the preceding statements that the portraits now in charge of the trustees, whether by gift or purchase, and ranged on the walls of the temporary apartment assigned to them at 29, Great George-street, Westminster, are now seventy in number. But, from the very inadequate accommodation which those apartments afford, it has been found impossible in the arrangement of the pictures to attempt any kind of classification or chronological order. Under all the circumstances enumerated the trustees flatter themselves that the Administration and the Parliament may deem their progress satisfactory, and may be disposed to continue their liberal support to this undertaking by the yearly grant of 2,000*l.*

It is stated that on the 20th of June Hans Michelsen, the oldest and most eminent of the sculptors of Norway, died, at Christiania, at the age of seventy. When Thorwaldsen had presented the Cathedral of Drontheim with a cast of his statue of Christ, Michelsen was ordered by King Karl Johann to execute statues of the Twelve Apostles for the same church. This was the most important work of his life. Afterwards, by order of King Oscar, he executed four old Norwegian kings for Oscar Hall, besides busts of Holberg, Peter Colbjørnsen, and others. Michelsen was a man of considerable talent, but his artistic education and development began at too late a period of his life, and he was recalled from Rome too early. In his old age he lived in retirement, being, although of a humorous turn of mind, not easily accessible.

M. Haumann, a celebrated violinist in Paris, well known throughout Europe, quarrelled with his mother-in-law, or she quarrelled with him, and the result was that she sold the portrait of her son-in-law—a beautiful picture by a first-rate artist, with which he had presented her in happier days—sold it for 20*l.*, and had painted on the frame "Haumann, the Fiddler." The insulted violinist sued his mother-in-law for damages, but failed to get them.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

THE PRODUCTION of Mercadante's "Il Giuramento" at the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent-garden, has not been successful; a result by no means unexpected. It was performed according to announcement on Saturday, and in all probability it will not be repeated. Although Grisi, Didée, and Mario exerted themselves to the utmost to give the fullest effect to what may be considered salient and redeeming points, yet the audience were too apathetic and immovable to be touched even by extra efforts. Neither labour nor expense has been spared in order to a full and efficient representation of the opera, and the want of success therefore must be attributed to the poverty of the work itself. "Puritani" on Tuesday, with the same cast as that of the previous week, gave the fullest satisfaction to a very crowded house.

Mlle. Tietjens has added another gem to her histrionic crown by two recent personations of "Norma," at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane. The lovers of the lyric drama now have the name of this accomplished lady very frequently on their tongues. Her career has been watched with admiration, and she has gained a position to which her merits have given the title. Although the part of "Norma" admits but of one interpretation, we scarcely find two of its representatives who treat it alike. For its true embodiment, an actress must not only possess the grand elements of the tragedian, but in the development of its lofty powers the vocal attributes must be superabundant, seeing that they are largely drawn upon. By the union of these essentials in a pre-eminent degree Mlle. Tietjens triumphs. Of the greatness of her acting there can be no question. It is what lyric acting should be—large, imposing, and approaching the statuesque. The lyric tragedian cannot, like the speaking actor, dwell on minute details; the language of operatic libretti is usually of an abstract nature, showing a passion in its broad characteristics rather than in its countless phases; and even were it otherwise, the very act of singing, instead of speaking, prevents those niceties of discrimination which form the great merit of ordinary modern acting. Mlle. Tietjens seizes on a passion in all its largeness; it becomes her own, and is as strongly marked in countenance as in gesture. No one who heard the cavatina in the first act could fail to be impressed with the brilliancy with which the entire movement was sung. But greater triumphs awaited her in "Ah mon tremare," the duet with *Adalgisa*, and above all in the last scene, when the "fury of the woman scorned" has burnt itself out, and she inflicts on *Pollio* the conviction of "what a heart he has lost." All things taken together, we regard the Druid Priestess of Mlle. Tietjens as one of the most truthful and impressive representations of which the lyric stage can boast. Mongini, in the ungrateful part of the Proconsul, gives a glorious reading, with the most superb musical effects. He may fairly challenge all the *Pollios* of the age without being compromised. On the occasions to which we have here alluded, Mlle. Brambilla is entitled to a word of well-deserved eulogy for the sustenance of *Adalgisa*, both by her "speechless wisdom" and her trilling accents. On Monday Mr. Balfe took a benefit, and selected the "Bohemian Girl" in an Italian guise. Mlle. Balfe impersonated the heroine; Mlle. Guarducci, the gipsy queen; and Sig. Giuglini, *Thaddeus*. The house was crowded to the ceiling.

Once a year Signor Emanuele Biletta submits his claim to public approval. His *matinée musicale* for the present season was held at Campden House, Kensington, by the kind permission of the resident, Francis Wolley, Esq. Signor Biletta strayed, on this occasion, from the beaten track of concert-givers, and

introduced a one-act "Drawing-room Opera" in the second part of the programme. The words of "Caught and Caged" are referred to J. Palgrave Simpson, Esq., and are, in point of merit, beyond the average run of similar compositions. Signor Biletta's music shows experience, facility, and taste, with a more than common share of talent. In the development of ideas we frequently catch the shadowy form of an old familiar strain, but are not able to obtain a further hold than to get up a case of mistaken identity. Signor Biletta, who is an eminent professor of the vocal art, is also an admirable accompanist. Herr Wieniawski treated the audience to a marvellous fantasia on the violin, taking for his theme the well-known *Carnaval de Venise*. The principal vocalists engaged for the concert were Madame Catherine Hayes (who sang a waltz by Signor Biletta to admiration), Miss Lascelles, Mr. Charles Braham, Signori Solieri, Dragone, and Cimino, with M. Jules Lafont; for the lyric entertainment, the Misses Claudine and Isabella Hampton (both amateurs), Herr Reichardt, and Mr. J. G. Patey. As an amateur performance, the opera is entitled to a liberal share of praise, quite as much for the uniformly truthful delineation of the characters represented as for the generally efficient rendering of the vocalisms with which the story was ornamented. Regarded as a dramatic essay, "Caught and Caged" reflects no ordinary amount of credit upon all concerned.

The directors of the Philharmonic Society gave the sixth concert of the forty-seventh season at the Hanover-square Rooms on Monday. The programme was in all respects an excellent one. Mozart's delicious symphony in E flat stood first. This is, perhaps, the most lovely, if not the grandest, of his orchestral works. The next important piece for instruments was Dr. Sterndale Bennett's pianoforte concerto in F minor. On the production of this work more than twenty years ago, Mendelssohn pronounced its author a genius of whom the British nation ought to be proud. The concerto is distinguished by simplicity and elegance of design, with copious and ornate treatment. All the subjects are closely and well followed up. In the andante, a beautifully-instrumented movement, the discoursing between the orchestra and Miss Arabella Goddard, the soloist on this occasion, was of a very exquisite character. A mightier work than either of the foregoing was next exhibited, Beethoven's symphony in A (No. 7). Although this colossal composition generally occupies three quarters of an hour in performance, it never wears; what in it was at one time incomprehensible to ordinary intellects is now so clear, that scarcely any of its innumerable beauties escape the notice and appreciation of the cultivated listener. Herr Joachim played a concerto of Spohr's in D minor, as he has before played it recently, to perfection. Weber's jubilee overture was placed at the foot of the programme. Miss Louisa Pyne and Sig. Belletti interspersed the rich orchestral entertainments with three effective vocal essays.

Mr. Howard Glover's concert for the million "came off" at Drury Lane on Monday. The long list of "notanda" concerned, and the formidable length of the bill of particulars, defy narration. Almost every singer and player of consequence made an entrance and an exit. The oppressive state of the weather out of doors (viz., 95° of Fahrenheit) doubtless prevented many families, as well as individuals, from attending. With reference to the performance of the pieces selected, it is not necessary to allude. Every one did his and her best.

A very important musical meeting took place on Tuesday at the Hanover-square Rooms, having for its object the benefit of an institution known as the "Royal Academy of Music." The solo vocalists were chiefly associates, and the principal performances on wire and string proceeded from parties of a like standing. There was variety enough in the programme to suit almost all tastes. Mr. Lucas, one of the professors of the institution, officiated as conductor, to the evident satisfaction both of the orchestra and the auditory.

There is avowedly a great charm in variety. To this, the executive at the Crystal Palace are keenly alive. In such a large family as that claiming John Bull for its illustrious parent there must of necessity be a vast diversity of tastes and appetites, continually hankering after something that is not. By way of change to the periodical Saturday spread, the fare on the 9th inst. was supplied chiefly from the fountain at whose head stands Mr. Leslie. Few persons claiming acquaintance with concerted vocal music are ignorant of the high state of efficiency to which Mr. Leslie's choir have attained under his rigid discipline. Consequently a numerous and brilliant company at Sydenham on Saturday last was a thing looked for and realised. The performance of each piece in the programme was, as usual, a careful, correct, and powerfully descriptive one. Festa's enchanting madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale," though old as the hills, came fresh as "The Dawn of Day," which stood in close proximity—both encoored with an enthusiasm admitting of no denial. Another compliment, quite equal in fervour, was paid to "Evening's Twilight." In short, had the audience been permitted to have had everything their own way, double duty must have resulted. A violin solo, on airs from "Otello," was remarkable chiefly for the introduction of M. Buzain, a violinist possessing a considerable mastery over the mechanical difficulties of his art.

Keeping on the Surrey side of the water, we would next notice the first of a series of entertainments at the Surrey Musical Hall on Monday afternoon and evening. As the number of concerts of which the "series" is to consist is not announced, although the fact of their being hebdomadal is advertised, it may be presumed that their prolongation will depend upon success. The afternoon musical portion of the entertainment was a juvenile affair, that is to say, the principal solo performers were children. A flautist, in the person of Master Drew Dean, and the Delepierre family excited no ordinary amount of astonishment; and, truth to speak, they are all wonderfully clever. A second concert, commencing at seven, brought back past summer evenings in all their glory. Song, ballad, cavatina, operatic selections, polkas, waltzes, &c., kept the auditory in a state of continual unrest, till the detonating instrument across the lake gave tongue with reference to a performance of a more sparkling kind. Although the programme was made up of materials valuable neither for richness nor rarity, yet the audience appeared resolved to applaud everything. The demands for a re-hearing of "Come into the garden, Maud" were deafening, and we incline to the opinion that a similar success would have attended the great tenor had he ventured on things of really less intrinsic merit than "Hoop-dooden-doo," or "Sally come up."

A youthful pianist, Mast. Henri Ketten, introduced himself on Thursday, the 7th inst., at the Hanover-square Rooms. It is one thing to rattle through a brilliant fantasia, and another to play a classically constructed trio with first-rate artists. Mendelssohn's trio in D minor is not without difficulties, and we always listen with delight to a proper reading of the subject when entrusted to accomplished and experienced readers; but that delight commingles with astonishment when a mere child executes with ease and correctness passages that require, according to the admitted canons of teaching, the greater part of a diligent life to accomplish. Mast. Ketten comes to us "vouched" by authorities beyond the region of dispute. Let us hope that the exuberant genius which this youthful pianist evinced on the evening referred to may be productive of mature excellence, and that his future celebrity may realise the expectations that his musical gifts have created.

A concert, under the designation of "Vocal and Instrumental Music, without Accompaniment," at St. Martin's Hall, on Wednesday evening, has a claim on our notice, for the freshness of its character and the generally efficient manner in which the various items of the programme were treated. At a glance

we could discover that the chorists were members of Mr. Hullah's upper singing school. The chief vocalists were the Misses Banks, Martin, Rowland, Bradshaw, and Palmer; with Messrs. Wilbye Cooper, Thomas, and Santley. Several of the pieces submitted were re-sung; but among the most deserving was a Christmas song, by Gounod, composed for a bass voice and chorus, supported by an occasional flash of instrumental light. Another marked feature consisted in a quartet, "Les Adieux de Raoul de Coucy," for voice, violin, violoncello, and pianoforte, the joint contributions of Biangini, Mayseder, Giuliani, and Moscheles. This was beautifully expounded by Miss Banks, Mr. Carrodus, Mr. George Collins, and Miss Fanny Howell. Taken altogether, it was a highly interesting entertainment. Mr. Hullah officiated in his usual capacity of conductor.

CONCERTS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon.....Mme. Rieder Schlumberger and Mlle. Sophie Humler's Grand Evening Concert.
Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square. 8.
Wed.....Crystal Palace Opera Concert. 21.
Sig. Marra's Annual Grand Matinee Musicale. 10, Queen's-gate, Kensington-gore. 3.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

IN A PAPER read before the Society of Arts some short time back by Mr. H. F. Chorley, some observations were made to the disparagement of the Royal Academy of Music. After an interval the *défi* has been accepted by the Rev. W. Cazalet, who in the following letter states the case on behalf and in defence of the Academy:

SIR,—On the evening of May 11, a paper was read before the Society, by Mr. Chorley, "On the Recognition of Music as an Art." In this paper some observations were made reflecting on the Royal Academy of Music, which, in the subsequent discussion which took place, led to some further disparaging remarks. Although some time has elapsed, if these observations are allowed to pass unnoticed a very erroneous impression will be perpetuated against an institution which—whatever its faults—has unquestionably done good service towards advancing the Art of Music in this country. This must be my apology for trespassing on your space. The portion of the paper referring to the Academy commences at the paragraph, "It is true that we have what is called a Royal Academy of Music; an institution which it would be pleasant to pass by than to enter." By entering it some pain must be given to worthy persons, but attention must be called to the capricious basis on which that structure stands, and to the peculiarities of its organisation. These are of such a nature that, during the last twenty years, not one single artist—capable of doing England or the Academy of Music credit before the public—has issued thence; not a single singer capable of saying and singing the songs of Handel, or able to cope with foreigners in foreign singing; not a single instrumental player of any renown; not a solitary composition which has lived beyond the hour when it was transcribed from the exercise book. During twenty years past London has contained materials for such a central college as can exist in no other European capital. The illogical consequence has been that our students of both sexes have been driven abroad, partly because of the superior cheapness of instruction, partly because of its superior quality." I have quoted the passage at length, to show the nature of the charges brought against the institution. Unfortunately for Mr. Chorley, the period of twenty years, which was evidently fixed upon to cut off one name connected with the Academy, includes that very name. Miss Dolby did not leave the Academy till December 1839, and was therefore a student within the period so pompously paraded—a fact that triumphantly refutes the calumny so far. But I would ask, is this the quibbling way in which any institution is to be judged of? Take the last twenty years of any educational establishment, and it might be difficult to find a single name prominently before the public. Where, during this very time, are the emanations from the Conservatoires of Milan, Naples, or Paris? Mr. Chorley would be puzzled to find, perhaps, one single name; or if he did it would be the exception. The institution dates its existence from the year 1823, thirty-six years in all—that is, scarcely more than a generation; during this time it has produced many names of distinction in the musical profession, besides a very large number of qualified teachers. Mr. Chorley's limitation to the last twenty years would imply that during the first sixteen years the Royal Academy of Music has not been deficient in the amount of talent produced? Can the same be said of the Conservatoires abroad?—a fact Mr. Chorley should have ascertained before he condemned the English institution. But the real character of any educational establishment, after all, does not rest upon the chance of turning out great talent. No institution can certainly command that, especially within any given period; but it is the business of such institutions to create competent teachers, and these make their impress upon the country at large, and produce a far greater effect upon the advancement of an art than any erratic genius would do. It is the province of an academy to turn out teachers, and this the Royal Academy has done—not niggardly, but in profusion. For it is a well-known fact, that since its foundation there has appeared a constant succession of teachers, who, establishing themselves in country towns and rural districts, have contributed most unquestionably to the progress of music. And as regards the metropolis, notwithstanding a widespread prejudice in favour of foreign masters, the students of the Academy have held, and still hold, their position as masters. A better style of teaching has been the consequence of more highly-qualified teachers; and one of the causes of enmity against the Academy has been raised from the circumstance that wherever the students have settled themselves, they have almost invariably taken a high position as teachers, to the detriment, often, of many of the old-established professors. But, granting that Mr. Chorley's statement is true, that during the last twenty years no singer, instrumental player, or composer, has emanated from the Academy, it must not be forgotten that in this country all are driven to teach; whatever the talent a musical aspirant may have, he cannot devote himself to the pleasures of musical imagination; he is doomed to the daily drudgery of teaching; and who as a teacher can find time for the gratification of a higher standard of perfection? But is it true that in this period no artists have appeared? I think the answer will be found in the advertising columns of the daily newspapers. A glance at these would show at once that the names of the pupils of the Academy appear taking the principal parts as singers and instrumental players in almost every performance, and many of these may yet achieve a high name for themselves. A reputation is not made at once; it is, as all have felt, a very slow result. I will not speak of composers. They must always, like poets, be few and far between. Have any of the Government-supported Conservatoires abroad turned out composers during the last twenty years? If so, their number is a private one. I am not aware that their names have been waited to these isles. The illogical conclusion Mr. Chorley deduces from these premises is that English students are driven abroad, "partly because of the superior cheapness of instruction and partly because of its superior quality." As for cheapness under Government support and patronage, this may perhaps be true; but in the only parallel instance, that of the Leipzig Academy, if Mr. Chorley had made inquiry instead of assertion, he would have found that, though nominally cheaper, the tuition is so scanty that the students are driven to take private instruction, so that in reality the actual expense is greater than at the English Academy. As to the superior quality of the tuition in the Continental Academies, I simply deny the statement. Mr. Chorley has made the assertion; let him prove it. As to the assertion made that many of these—the foreign professors—"have no place in our Royal Academy, and that this is to be accounted for by the dearth of life here, and the high fees to be obtained by private tutors;" this is entirely a gratuitous assumption. If they have no place here, it is because they are not wanted. I state distinctly, as a fact becoming daily more known, that the tuition of foreigners in music is certainly not better, if indeed it can be said to come up to that of the professors of this country, especially of those who have received their education at the Academy. And Mr. Chorley knows very little about professional musical tuition if he supposes that the system of deputies and subordinates is such as he has ventured to assume. The use of deputies and subordinates is confined almost wholly to the second branches of study—the principal study being always confided to a professor. And it is in this very employment of subordinates that the students who are advanced are themselves taught to teach, which is in reality one of the most important points of the whole system of professional musical education. In the discussion that followed the reading of the paper, Mr. Chorley, in answer to a question, gives two names, Miss Dolby and Sterndale Bennett, as dating from twenty to twenty-five years ago. Unfortunately for Mr.

Chorley's accuracy, Miss Dolby, as I have stated before, was a student within the twenty years, and Sterndale Bennett within the twenty-five years. The *Animus* shown in fixing these periods is self-evident, but in this case it only recoils on Mr. Chorley himself, for his two "last great" names are without his own pale, and thus a palpable suspicion hangs over every statement emanating from such a source. Mr. Dilke only did justice to the Academy when he stated that "he felt bound to say that in his opinion the Academy had done great good to the musical science of the country at large." Mr. Costa, on the other hand, in answer to Mr. Dilke's observation, "that the Academy would be the proper medium of communication with the Government," thought, "with all due respect to the Royal Academy of Music, it was no use to mend an old coat."

An observation of great importance, coming from so high an authority. Does Mr. Costa know anything of the Royal Academy? Has he ever been inside the doors? Has he ever taken the trouble to inquire into the character of the tuition given? This at least he should have done before he cast his insinuations abroad against the institution. A moment's consideration ought to have suggested to Mr. Costa that, of the instrumental performers who form the orchestras over which he presides, the students of the much-bellied Royal Academy are not those who hold the lowest places; and, of the singers who appear before his *balcon*, that those from the Academy are not the least worthy of their place.

Mr. Costa holds a high position in this country; the English have not been backward in placing him, a foreigner, in a very prominent situation. In such a case silence would have been becoming, whatever his opinion might be. As it is, he has betrayed himself, for the true reading of Mr. Costa's remarks is a new version of the pleasures of imagination, in which he figures as future head of some new English Academy of very rapid and impossible high-pitch perfection. As to Government patronage, it is very questionable whether any institution would thrive under such auspices. With the support comes the interference. Can any art flourish patted by the peddling of placemen? It is not an easy thing to found an institution. You have an Academy; it has withstood the assaults of poverty, unaided, except by a few helping hands. It has poured forth a body of practical musicians that may vie with the lists of the Continental establishments. It wants but the means, and then I do not hesitate to say it has within its own bosom all the elements that could render an institution an ornament to the country, and the worthy foster-parent of its rising talent. From these observations it will be evident how little qualified Mr. Chorley is to make any assertion whatever relative to the Academy. In the first place he has shown he knows nothing of the system of education carried out there; secondly, he has proved he knows as little in what professional musical education consists; and lastly, he has hazarded charges without having taken the most ordinary care to arrive at the real state of the case. Such ignorance may be bliss to himself, but when thus publicly paraded becomes an offence, especially against the whole body of Academicians, who, however, can well afford to let Mr. Chorley revel in that mist from which he blandly surmises he can see so clearly.—I am, &c.

W. W. CAZALET.

The following important letter has been addressed to the chairman of the Musical Pitch Committee on the subject of the uniform pitch:

SIR,—I regret that it was not possible for me to attend the meeting of the Society of Arts on the subject of a fixed musical pitch or diapason; but understanding, from the reported proceedings of the meeting (as, indeed, might have been reasonably expected), that a committee has been formed to consider the subject more deliberately than could be done in a general meeting, I beg leave to offer my opinion in the form of a letter. The subject is extremely simple in itself. All are agreed that the present pitch is inconveniently high and must be lowered. All are desirous that, when once lowered, it should be kept from rising again, to which there is a continual tendency, arising from a distinct natural cause inherent in the nature of harmony, viz., the excess (amounting to about eleven vibrations in ten thousand) of a perfect fifth over seven-twelfths of an octave, which has to be constantly contended against in upward modulations, whenever violins or voices are not kept in check by fixed instruments. But perhaps all are not aware that the evil of fine ancient vocal compositions having thus been rendered impracticable to singers in their original normal key is a very great one, inasmuch as transposition to a lower nominal key involves the sacrifice of the adaptation of the peculiar character of the key (a character intended and felt by the composer), and the substitution of a totally different incidence of the temperament on the series of notes in the scale, and goes, therefore, to mar the intended effect and injure the composition, as much as an ill-chosen tone of varnish would damage the effect of a fine Titian. Since, however, all are agreed that the pitch must be lowered, the only remaining question is, how much? Now, if there were any prospect that this operation which has now to be performed, and which our French neighbours consider themselves to have performed, could be repeated some twenty years hence, I should be disposed to acquiesce, for the mere sake of acquiescence, in the conclusion they have come to, viz., to fix A (for the present) at 870 vibrations per second, which is equivalent to fixing C at 522, looking forward to a future step in the same direction which should bring it to 512; to remain henceforward invariable. Such a C, being the ninth octave of a fundamental note corresponding to one vibration per second, has a claim to universal reception on the score of intrinsic simplicity, convenience of memory, and reference to a natural unit, so strong that I am amazed at the French not having been the foremost to recognise and adopt it, when it is remembered that their boasted unit of length, the metre, is based on the subdivisions of a natural unit of space, just as the second (a universally used aliquot of the day) is of time; the one on the linear dimensions, the other on the time of rotation of the earth. But as there is not the least chance that the present move will be otherwise than final, I confess myself disposed in this matter to be more French than the French themselves; to act once for all: to adopt the C of 512 vibrations, and so to carry out this as part and parcel of a complete natural metrical system, which would recommend itself to all nations on its own merits, while possessing the additional and not inferior merit of meeting more fully than the half-measure proposed, the wishes of the singer, and the requirements of that most perfect and charming (because most naturally affecting the feelings) of all instruments, the female voice; which I consider, in any discussion of the kind, ought to be held paramount to any possible claim on the part of wood, brass, wire, or catgut. It is clearly the interest of any lover of music that the pitch should be such as can be maintained by a vocalist, not merely in her highest vigour of youth, but up to an age when the voice, though still perfect, and, in fact, improved and mellowed by time and practice, is yet unable, without painful effort, to reach the extreme elevation it could accomplish without difficulty at an earlier period. If a change be made, I do not believe the instrument-makers would find their interests at all more or less affected whether the pitch were lowered to, and permanently fixed at, 522 or 512. In either case, they would stand disembarassed at once and for ever of the necessity of consulting the varying convenience or caprice of their customers in different places, and it must (assuredly it ought to) be to them a matter of perfect indifference what the requirements of the public in that respect may be. As to what is alleged of the superior brilliancy and "sonority" of instruments pitched a comma or two higher than others, I regard it as mere professional jargon, unworthy of the slightest consideration. I will add only one further remark. The 512 C is independent of any standard of length or of the velocity of sound. It has nothing to do (as seems to have been assumed in one of the letters read to the meeting) with 32 feet as the length of an organ pipe, supposed (but very erroneously) to yield its fourth lower octave. If we would introduce extraneous considerations of this kind, we might take as a fundamental unit, on the French metrical system, or a wave-length of one metre, or its binary multiples or submultiples. This would give (taking the velocity of sound in dry air at the freezing temperature at 1090 feet) an E of 664.4 vibrations for the nearest approach to the new French E, corresponding to a A (tuned as a fourth above it) of 886 vibrations, the difference between which and the French standard lies in the wrong direction, and which coincides exactly with the Bordeaux pitch, as stated in the reports of the French commission. Again, if we take the velocity of sound at the British standard temperature (62°) at 1124 feet or 342.6 metres, we shall be led to an F of 685.2 vibrations, corresponding to an A of 886, and a C of 514, a very near approach indeed to our own proposed C. Or, again, if we combine the British standard yard as a wave length, with a velocity of 1109.6 feet per second, corresponding to the mean temperature 49.27 Fahr. at Greenwich, so as to get a purely British fiducial note, we are led to an F sharp of 739.7 vibrations, corresponding to a C of 526, which, though nearly approximating to the French C, lies above it, and is on that account objectionable. As the origin of a musical system, moreover, it would be an anomaly to take as the fundamental (or, more properly, fiducial) note of the diatonic scale the sharpened fourth of its key note. And a similar objection, *mutatis mutandis*, lies against both the former modes of derivation. Theoretically speaking, also, as the mean velocity

of sound varies in different climates, all such modes of humouring or cooking a fundamental note into conformity with a predetermined result must be condemned.—I am, &c.

J. F. W. HERSCHELL.

Collingwood, June 14, 1859.

Mr. Buckstone's annual benefit is announced to take place this evening (Saturday), when Mr. Tom Taylor's new comedy "The Contested Election," the farce "How to make Home Happy," and a new ballet, will be performed. In the course of the evening Mr. Buckstone will address the audience.

The arrangements for the Festival of the Three Choirs at Gloucester are said to be progressing favourably. The stewards are engaging the leading artists, both vocal and instrumental. The list of those already secured includes the names of Mme. Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Clara Hepworth, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, Signor Belletti, with a party from the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, including the two leading stars, Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini.

At a recent meeting of the committee and promoters of the musical festival to take place in St. George's Hall, Bradford, on the 23rd of August and the three following days, in aid of the funds of the Infirmary and Dispensary, it was stated that the engagements with regard to the *artistes* were completed. The subscriptions for tickets now amounted to 1,600*l*. The following were the principal vocalists engaged: Sopranis—Mme. Clara Novello, Mme. Lemmens Sherrington, Mrs. Sanderland, and Mlle. Titiens; Contraltis—Miss Palmer, Miss Freeman, and Mme. Nantier Didice; Tenoris—Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Sig. Giuglini; Bassi—Sig. Belletti, Mr. Santley, and Sig. Badiali. Solo-pianoforte—Miss Arabella Goddard. The band would consist entirely, without any dilution, of the members of the Royal Italian Opera orchestra, Covent-garden, London. The chorus would consist of the members of the Bradford Festival Choral Society, with additional soprani and alti from the neighbouring towns, forming altogether an orchestra of more than 300 performers. Organist, Mr. Brownsmith; chorus master, Mr. W. Jackson; conductor, Mr. Costa. With respect to the programme of the music, the festival would open with Haydn's oratorio of "The Creation" on Tuesday evening, August 23. On the following morning Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum" and a selection from "Judas Maccabeus" would be performed; on the morning of the 25th, Mendelssohn's oratorio, "St. Paul;" morning of the 26th, "The Messiah." Three miscellaneous concerts would be given in the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. The entire amount which the executive committee had expended in the engagements enumerated, including principals, band, and chorus, was about 3,700*l*.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—On June 17, Lord Wensleydale, V.P., in the chair, Professor Faraday read a paper "On Phosphorescence, Fluorescence, &c." The agent understood by the word "light," presents phenomena so varied in kind, and is excited to sensible action by such different causes, acting apparently by methods differing greatly in their physical nature, that it excites the hopes of the philosopher much in relation to the connection which exists between all the physical forces, and the expectation that that connection may be greatly developed by its means. This consideration, with the great advance in the experimental part of the subject which has recently been made by E. Becquerel, were the determining causes of the production of this subject before the members of the Royal Institution on the present occasion. The well-known effect of light in radiating from a centre, and rendering bodies visible which are not so of themselves, as long as the emission of rays was continual—the general nature of the undulatory view, and the fact that the mathematical theory of these assumed undulations was the same with that of the undulation of sound, and of any undulations occurring in elastic bodies, were referred to as a starting position. Limited to this effect of light it was observed that the illuminated body was luminous only whilst receiving the rays or undulations. But superadded occasionally to this effect is one known as *phosphorescence*, which is especially evident when the sun is employed as the source of light. Thus, if a calcined oyster-shell, a piece of white paper, or even the hand, be exposed to the sun's rays and then instantly placed before the eyes in a perfectly dark room, they are seen to be visible *after* the light has ceased to fall on them. There is a further philosophical difference which may be thus stated; if a piece of white oyster-shell be placed in the spectrum rays issuing from a prism, the parts will, as to illumination, appear red, or green, or blue, as they come under the red, green, or blue rays; whereas if the phosphorescent effect be observed, i.e. the effect remaining after the illuminating rays are gone, the light will either be white, or of a tint not depending upon the colour of the ray producing it, but upon the nature of the substance itself, and the same for all the rays. The ray which comes to the eye in an ordinary case of visibility, may be considered as that which, emanating from the luminous body, has impinged upon the substance seen, and has been deflected into a new course, namely towards the eye; it may be considered as the same ray, both before and after it has met with the visible body. But the light of phosphorescence cannot be so considered, inasmuch as *time* is introduced; for the body is visible for a time sensibly after it has been illuminated, which time in some cases rises up to minutes, and perhaps hours. This condition connects these phosphorescent bodies with those which phosphoresce by heat, as apatite and fluor-spar; for when these are made to glow intensely by heat far below redness, it is evident that they have acquired a state which has enabled them for a time to become original sources of light, just as the other phosphorescent bodies have by exposure to light acquired a like state. And then again there is this further fact, that as the fluor spar which has been heated, does not phosphoresce a second time when reheated, still it may be restored to its first state by passing the repeated discharge of the electric spark over it, as Pearsall has shown. Then follows on (in addition of effect to effect) the phenomena of *fluorescence*, and the fine contributions to our knowledge of this part of light by Stokes. If a fluorescent body, as uranium glass, or a solution of sulphate of quinine, or decoction of horse-chestnut bark are exposed to diffuse daylight, they are illuminated, not merely abundantly, but peculiarly, for they appear to have a glow of their own; and this glow does not extend to all parts of the bodies, but is limited to the parts where the rays first enter the substances. Some feeble flames, as that of hydrogen, can produce this glow to a considerable degree. If a deep blue glass be held between the body and the rays of the sun, or of the electric lamp, it seems even to increase the effect; not that it does so in reality, but that it stops very many of the luminous rays, yet lets the rays producing this effect pass through. By using the solar or electric spectrum, we learn that the most effectual rays are in most cases not the luminous ones, but are in the dark part of the spectrum; and so the fluorescence appears to be a luminous condition of the substance, produced by dark rays which are stopped or consumed in the act of rendering the fluorescent body luminous: so they produce this effect only at the first or entry surface, the passing ray, though the light goes onward, being unable to produce the effect again; and this effect exists only whilst the competent ray is falling on to the body, for it disappears the instant the fluorescent substance is taken out of the light, or the light shut

off from it. When E. Becquerel attacked this subject he enlarged it in every direction (*Annales de Chimie et de Physique*, 1859, tome iv. p. 1). First of all, he prepared most powerful phosphori; these being chiefly sulphurets of the alkaline earths, strontia, baryta, lime. By treatment and selection he obtained them so that they would emit a special colour; thus, seven different tubes might contain preparations which, exposed to the sun, or diffused day-light, or the electric light, should yield the seven rays of the spectrum. The light emitted generally possessed a lower degree of refrangibility than the ray causing the phosphorescence; but in some instances he was able to raise the refrangible character of the ray emitted to that of the exciting ray. By taking a given preparation, and raising it to different temperatures, he caused it to give out different coloured rays by the single action of one common ray; this variation in power returning to a common degree as the temperatures of the phosphori became the same in all. He showed that time was occupied in the elevation of the phosphorescent state by the ray; and also that time was concerned in various degrees during the emission of the phosphorescent ray; that this time, which in many cases was long, might be affected, being shortened by the action of heat, and then the brilliancy of the phosphorescence for the shortened time was increased. He showed the special relation of the different phosphori to the different rays of the spectrum, pointing out where the maximum effect occurred; also that there were the equivalents of dark bands, i.e. bands in the spectrum, where little or no phosphorescence was produced. These phosphori were many of them highly fluorescent. Thus, if one of them was exposed to the strong voltaic light, and then placed in the dark, it was seen to be brilliantly luminous, gradually sinking in brightness, and ultimately fading away altogether; but if it were held in the rays beyond the violet end of the spectrum (the more luminous rays being shut off) it was again seen to be beautifully luminous, but that state disappeared the instant it was removed from the ray. Now this is fluorescence, and the same body seemed to be both phosphorescent and fluorescent. Considering (this matter, and all the circumstances regarding time, Becquerel was led to believe that these two luminous conditions differed essentially only in the time during which the state excited by the exposure to light continued; that a body being really phosphorescent, but whose state fell instantly, was fluorescent, giving out its light while the exciting ray continued to fall on it, and during that time only; and that a phosphorescent was only a more sluggish body, which continued to shine after the exciting ray was withdrawn. To investigate this point he invented the *phosphoscope*; an apparatus which may vary in its particular construction, but in which discs or other surfaces illuminated by the sun or an electric lamp, might, by revolution, be rapidly placed before the eye in a dark chamber, and so be regarded in the shortest possible space of time after their illumination. By such an apparatus Becquerel showed that all the fluorescent bodies were really phosphorescent; but that the emission of light endured only for a very short time. An extensive series of experimental illustrations upon the foregoing points was made with fine specimens of phosphori, for which the speaker was indebted to M. Becquerel himself. The phosphoscope employed consisted of a cylinder of wood, one inch in diameter and seven inches long, placed in the angle of a black box with the electric lamp inside, so that three-fourths of the cylinder were external, and in the dark chamber where the audience sat, and one-fourth was within the box, and in the full power of the voltaic light. By proper mechanical arrangements this cylinder could be revolved, and the part which was at one instant within, rapidly brought to the outside, and observed by the audience. As the cylinder could be made to revolve 300 times in a second, and as the twentieth part of a revolution was enough to bring a sufficient portion of the cylinder to the outside, it is evident that a phosphorescent effect which would last only the 1-3,000th, or even the 1-6,000th of a second might be made apparent. All escape of light between the moving cylinder and the box was prevented by the use of properly attached black velvet. The cylinder was first supplied with a surface of Becquerel's phosphori. The effect here was, that when by rotation the part illuminated was brought outside the box it was found phosphorescent. If the cylinder continued to rotate it appeared equally luminous all over; and when the rotation ceased, or the lamp was extinguished, the light gradually sank as the phosphorescence fell. Then a cylinder having a surface of quinine or rescin was put into the apparatus. Whilst the cylinder was still it was dark outside; but when revolving with moderate velocity it became luminous outside, ceasing to be so the moment the revolution stopped. Here the fluorescence was evidently shown to occupy time; indeed, the full time of a revolution; and taking advantage of that, the self-shining of the body was separated from its illumination within, and the fluorescence made to assume the character of phosphorescence. Another cylinder was covered with crystals of nitrate of uranium, a hot saturated solution having been applied over it with a fine brush. The result was beautiful. A moderate degree of revolution brought no light out of the box; but with increased motion it began to appear at the edge. As the rapidity became greater, the light spread over the cylinder, but it could not be carried over the whole of its surface. It issued as a band of light where the moving cylinder left the edge of the box, diminishing in intensity as it went on, and looking like a bright flame, wrapping round half the cylinder. When the direction of revolution was reversed, this flame issued from the other side; and when the motion of the cylinder was stopped, all the phenomena of fluorescence or phosphorescence disappeared at once. The wonderfully rapid manner in which the nitrate of uranium received the action of the light within the box, and threw off its phosphorescence outside, was beautifully shown. The electric light, even when the discharge is in rarefied media, or as a feeble brush, emits a great abundance of those rays, which produce the phenomena of fluorescence; but then if these rays have to pass through common glass they are cut off, being absorbed and destroyed even when they are not expended in producing fluorescence or phosphorescence. Arrangements can, however, be made in which the advantageous circumstances can be turned to good account with such bodies as Becquerel's phosphori or uranium glass. If these be enclosed within glass tubes, having platinum wires at the extremities, and which are also exhausted of air and hermetically sealed, then the discharges of a Ruhmkorff coil can be continually sent over the phosphori, and the effects, both fluorescence and phosphorescent, be beautifully shown. The first or immediate light of the body is often of one colour, whilst on the cessation of the discharge the second or deferred light is of another; and many variations of the effects can be produced. In connection with rarefied media, it may be remarked that some of the tubes by Geissler and others have been observed to have their rarefied atmospheres phosphorescent, glowing with light for a moment or two after the discharge through them was suspended. Since then Becquerel has observed that oxygen is rendered phosphorescent, i.e. that it presents a persistent effect of light, when electric discharges are passed through it. I have several times had occasion to observe that a flash of lightning, when seen as a linear discharge, left the luminous trace of its form on the clouds, enduring for a sensible time after the lightning was gone. I strictly verified this fact in June, 1857, recording it in the *Philosophical Magazine* (p. 506), and referred it to the phosphorescence of the cloud. I have no doubt that that is the true explanation. Other phenomena, having relation to fluorescence and phosphorescence, as the difference in the light oxygen and hydrogen exploded in glass globes, or in the air, were referred to,

with the expression of strong hopes that Becquerel's additions to that branch of science would greatly explain and extend them.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—The Council of the Institution have awarded the following premiums for papers read during the session recently concluded: 1. A Telford Medal to Michael Scott, M. Inst. C.E., for his paper "Description of a Breakwater at the Port of Blyth, and of Improvements in Breakwaters, applicable to Harbours of Refuge." 2. A Telford Medal to Robert Mallet, M. Inst. C.E., for his paper "On the Coefficients of Elasticity and of Rupture in Wrought Iron, in relation to the volume of the Metallic Mass, its metallurgical treatment, and the axial direction of its constituent crystals." 3. A Telford Medal to Henry Bessemer, for his paper "On the Manufacture of Malleable Iron and Steel." 4. A Telford Medal and the Manby Premium, in Books, to William Joseph Kingsbury, Assoc. Inst. C.E., for his paper "Description of the Entrance, Entrance Lock, and Jetty Walls of the Victoria (London) Docks; with remarks on the form adopted in the construction of the Wrought Iron Gates and Caisson." 5. A Watt Medal to James Wardrop Jameson, Assoc. Inst. C.E., for his paper "On the Performances of the Screw Steam-ship *Sahel*, fitted with Du Trembley's Combined Vapour Engine; and of the Sister Ship *Oasis*, with Steam Engines worked Expansively, and provided with partial surface condensation." 6. A Council Premium of Books to Thomas Sebastian Isaac for his paper "On the successful working, by Locomotive Power, over Gradients of 1 in 17, and Curves of 300 feet radius, on Inclines in America." 7. A Council Premium of Books to Matthew Bullock Jackson, M. Inst. C.E., for his paper "Description of the Gravitation Water Works, at Melbourne, South Australia."

GENEALOGICAL AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The sixth annual general meeting of this society was held at Bridgewater House, under the presidency of the Earl of Ellesmere. From eight o'clock until the proceedings of the evening commenced—about a quarter past nine—the visitors found ample employment in inspecting the magnificent picture galleries, which were lighted up for the occasion. When the noble earl took the chair, there were at least a hundred persons present, many of whom were of high rank or literary celebrity. The society's report, financial and otherwise, was most gratifying; and after the formal proceedings of the evening had ended, a vote of thanks was unanimously given to the noble president, who in his turn warmly enquired the secretary, Mr. Reeve, whose activity and courtesy have conducted in no small degree to the success of the society. Some illuminated MSS., &c., were then examined, and interesting speeches made by the noble chairman, Sir Brook Bridges, Rev. Freire Owen, &c.

WEST RIDING GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—On Friday, the 1st inst., the Geological and Polytechnic Society for the West Riding held its usual meeting at Doncaster, when the following papers were read, and much interesting information relative thereto was given: "On the geological evidence of secular expansion of the crust of the earth, the increase of its orbit, and the effects produced thereby," by Captain Draycot, R.N., and the Rev. William Thorpe, Rector of Misson; "On the geology of the Esk Valley," by Mr. John Watson, of Whitby; and "On the opening of a tumulus at Thorp Arch," by Francis R. Carol, Esq., of Boston Spa.

HISTORIC SOCIETY OF LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.—On Saturday, the 2nd inst., the annual excursion of this excellent society took place, the place of pilgrimage selected being the town of Bolton and the Liverpool Waterworks, at Rivington Pike. A pleasant and profitable day was somewhat marred by a carriage accident in the evening, which resulted in severe injury to several of the excursionists.

ARCHITECTURAL AND ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LIVERPOOL.—This society also had its annual excursion on Saturday, the members who formed the party visiting Chirk Castle, the Vale of Llangollen, and Valle Crucis Abbey. A happy and delightful day was passed without the slightest drawback.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS IN CAMBRIDGE.—The syndicate appointed to visit the observatory have made the following report to the senate: "I. The transit observations in the year 1858 amounted to 1,317, and the circle observations to 729. The meridian observations of the sun and planets were as follow:

	Transits.	Circle Observations.		Transits.	Circle Observations.
The Sun	161	164	Melpomene	5	5
Neptune	36	29	Amphitrite	4	5
Calliope	1	1	Thalia	7	7
Bellona	2	1	Massilia	9	8
Flora	21	16	Hebe	6	8
Metis	7	4	Iris	6	6
Euterpe	8	8	Proserpine	1	5
Eunomia	12	14	Urania	7	6
Fortuna	8	6	Letitia	3	3
Europa	3	3	Egeria	2	1

"The sum of these is 309 transits and 294 circle observations. The observations of planets and comets made with the Northumberland Equatorial in the year 1858 were the following:

	Comparisons with stars in R.A.	in N.P.D.		Comparisons with stars in R.A.	in N.P.D.
Bellona	230	214	Proserpine	74	74
Themis	119	117	Leda	10	10
Comet I., 1858	80	81	Encke's Comet	8	8
Europa	10	10	Comet V., 1858 (Donati's)	183	183
Comet II., 1858	7	7	Urania	20	23
Flora	14	7	Nysa	34	31
Calypso	42	20	Faye's Comet	37	37
Comet IV., 1858	22	19	Comet VI., 1858	37	37
Fides	13	12	Pandora	35	35

"The total of the comparisons is 978 in R.A., and 925 in N.P.D. Occultations of fixed stars by the moon to the number of eighteen were observed in 1858, and in several instances the same occultation was observed by different observers. In addition to the observations of positions of the great comet discovered by Dr. Donati, of Florence, on June 3, 1858, various notes and sketches of its physical phenomena were made by Professor Challis and Mr. Breen. The results of these memoranda have been communicated to the Royal Astronomical Society, accompanied by drawings of the more remarkable appearances. Professor Challis has also had a series of drawings engraved to illustrate an account of the comet, which he communicated to the Cambridge Philosophical Society. Several attempts were made by Mr. Breen to observe the small planet Lencothæa during its opposition in last December. A large space about the position assigned by the ephemeris was swept over without success, the planet escaping detection, either from being too faint to be visible, or on account of the very large number of small stars which happened to be in the neighbourhood of its position. Professor Challis has not heard of its having been observed elsewhere. At the end of last year, Mr. Breen, according to an intention he had expressed some time before, quitted his situation at the observatory, after having been assistant twelve years, and done much valuable service. II. From the beginning of this year observations of the

minor planets with the Northumberland Equatorial and on the meridian have been discontinued. This course was taken in consequence of the unredacted observations, both meridional and equatorial, having accumulated to such an amount that it became impracticable to bring up the calculations to a level with the observations without very much contracting the latter. The meridian instruments have been used only in obtaining the places of stars employed in past years for comparison with planets and comets in equatorial observations. Comets are still observed with the Northumberland Equatorial, and occultations of fixed stars and planets by the moon are not neglected. The number of transit observations taken since the beginning of the year is 797, and the number of circle observations 172. The disparity between these numbers is owing to there being only one assistant during the greater part of the time. The objects observed are exclusively comparison stars and the necessary fundamental stars. The Northumberland Equatorial has recently been employed upon a comet discovered at Venice, on April 2, fifty-five comparisons with stars having been taken by Mr. Bowden. The occultation of Saturn by the moon on May 8 was observed under favourable circumstances by Professor Challis, with the Northumberland telescope, and by Mr. Bowden with the telescope of the 5-feet equatorial, and notes were taken of physical phenomena. III. The printing of the meridian observations of 1852 has been carried to the end of the N. P. D. observations, and the remainder of the copy for that year is prepared for the press, except the final comparison of the observed places of the sun, moon, and planets, with tabular places. In the instances in which no ephemerides of the minor planets sufficiently accurate were obtainable, the places are calculated, as in former years, directly from the best elements that could be procured, and although the large number of the observations of these bodies in 1852 makes this a work of much labour, Professor Challis was induced to undertake it because it adds to the value of the results, and gives the opportunity of judging of the weight to be attributed to each observation. With the amount of force now bestowed on the calculations, it may reasonably be expected that the arrears will in no long time be brought up. Respecting the Northumberland Equatorial, it may be remarked that the mode of observing (mentioned in the last annual report) by micrometer measures taken with an eyepiece sliding in N. P. D., the telescope being fixed, has been found to be considerably more accurate than that previously in use. (Signed) W. H. Bateson, V.C., James Cartmell, E. Guest, J. Challis, W. C. Mathison, W. M. Campion, G. D. Liveing, N. M. Ferrers.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL ITEMS.

THE ESSEX ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY lately held a meeting at Barking. The proximity to London, and the fineness of the weather, brought a large company; and as the managers of the meeting had provided some really valuable and novel matter for the more learned, and a little excursion and some picturesque description for the less learned, and a good cold dinner for everybody, everybody was pleased, and the affair went off well. The first paper consisted of some extracts from a collection for the manorial history of Barking by Mr. E. Sage. Mr. Sage has for many years been steward of the manor, and has therefore had unique opportunities, and he has used his opportunities with great intelligence and industry; and the result is a very valuable collection of matter carefully arranged in two large volumes, which, we believe, Mr. Sage intends to present to the lord of the manor, with a request that he will ultimately deposit it in the British Museum, or some public library. The most interesting of the ancient documents which were recited as examples of the treasures of these volumes, was one in a MS. in the British Museum, hitherto unpublished, of date about 1320, setting forth the services which the tenants of the manor were bound to render, and which throws a good deal of light on the agricultural practice of the day. The next paper, read by Mr. King, contained extracts, with a running comment, from a careful digest by the Rev. A. F. Smith of the parish registers, and served as an example of the valuable antiquarian, biographical, and historical data which lie hid in these old books. The Essex Society has solicited extracts from their parish books from all the clergy in the county; and this paper was probably intended to remind the dilatory ones of the subject, and to show them what a valuable storehouse of facts throwing light on the county history this collection of extracts from Essex parish registers will form when it is finished. The company then walked out to Eastbury House, a fine old Elizabethan mansion overlooking the low lands on the banks of the Thames. The river itself indeed is invisible from the house, so low is its site, and the vessels passing continually up and down, to and from the great city twelve miles off, seem as if, by some stage trick or some more real magic, their hulls were made to slide through grooves in the land; but the rich, wide, grassy plain, with the masts and sails winding mysteriously through its middle distance, and bounded by the Kent hills, forms a landscape which is not without its charms. The Rev. E. L. Cutts, the honorary secretary of the society, acted as cicerone, and, besides learned remarks on the history of the house and the peculiarities of its architecture, he gave a series of animated pictures of the Hall, and the Great Chamber, and the Long Gallery, as they were when the house was in its prime, "in the glorious days of great Elizabeth." Would it not be worth while to reprint this paper separately, as a guide-book to Eastbury for the benefit of holiday-making Londoners?

The tessellated pavement, discovered by the workmen whilst digging the foundation stone of the new Blue Coat School, Bath, is about fifteen feet below the surface, very nearly the level of the pavement which underlies the site of the new extension of the General Hospital. This coincidence establishes the fact that the ground level of the original Roman city of "Aqua Solia" was many feet below the level of modern Bath. The tesserae are fine and small, and are artistically arranged, and the fragments which have escaped destruction represent a dolphin and two sea-horses—creatures such as one generally sees yoked to Neptune's chariot, web-footed and fish-tailed. There is much spirit and truth in the drawing, and the effect of the whole is artistic. The colours are white and red, with shades of black. From the aquatic habits of the creatures, this pavement probably formed a portion of a bath, which, as a matter of course, would be found in every Roman establishment of any pretensions.

J. Y. Akerman, Esq., Fellow and Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, has reported upon the Anglo-Saxon remains lately exhumed at Brighthampton: "Traces of sepulture by cremation were numerous, as several urns were discovered *in situ*, some of them ornamented in a manner that the student of our Anglo-Saxon antiquities will not fail to recognise. A considerable portion of the area excavated appears to have been occupied by urns deposited just below the surface; so that, when at some distant period the land was stripped of its greensward, and brought under tillage, many scores of them were dislocated and shattered by the ploughshare; the partial preservation of some being solely owing to their having been deposited a little deeper than the rest. From a plan of the cemetery prepared by S. Stone, Esq., we find that the urns were scattered promiscuously among the graves; and, if not affording evidence of the contemporaneous practice of inhumation and cremation, are, at least, proof that the burial of the dead near those whose bodies had been burned was dic-

tated by a desire that they should lie in the same spot as their kindred whose remains had undergone the earlier rite of burning. The appearance and contents of forty graves are described in the report, for a detail of which we refer our readers to the report itself. One of the skeletons measured, from the ankle-bone to the crown of the head, 6 feet 7 inches, the femur measuring 19 inches, the tibia 16 inches. Another femur measured 17½ inches, and other 18 inches, thus proving the gigantic stature of some of the individuals who were interred in this Anglo-Saxon cemetery. There appeared to have been a sort of family likeness, so to speak, in nearly all the skulls, as they had more or less projecting upper jaws (prognathic). From much evidence given in the report it is concluded that a Saxon family settled here, and that in the name of the village we probably have, though in a corrupt form, that of the Saxon chief or head of such family, BRIGHTELM." We have reason to know that the antiquarian world is indebted to S. Stone, Esq., of Brighthampton, for the exhumation of so many valuable relics of a long past era; and that these recent discoveries are not the only ones which that gentleman's zeal and ability have been instrumental in bringing before the light of day.

Some of the members of the Glasgow Archæological Society took an excursion lately, to inspect the ruins of the Priory of Inchmahome, and other interesting relics on the islands in the Lake of Menteith.

On Wednesday, the 6th inst., the sixth annual general meeting of the Surrey Archæological Society was held in the National Schools, Richmond, the Right Hon. the Lord Abinger, M.A., Vice-Pres., in the chair. The papers read were as follows: 1. John Wickham Flower, Esq., "Some notices of the Family of Cobham of Sterborough Castle, in Lingfield, Surrey." 2. W. H. Hart, Esq., F.S.A., "Notes from the Parish Registers of Richmond." 3. Wm. Chapman, Esq., "On the Antiquities of Richmond." 4. The Rev. W. Bashall, on "The Ancient Monuments in the Parish Church." Mr. Chapman's paper, which was filled with historical and archæological particulars connected with the history of Richmond, excited the most marked attention.

LITERARY NEWS.

A MEETING of the Cambridge University Commissioners was held at 6, Adelphi-terrace, on Friday, the 8th inst. The commissioners present were the Right Hon. Lord Stanley, M.P., Rev. Dr. Vaughan, and Mr. Horatio Waddington.

The President and Fellows of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, have elected the Rev. Henry Hayman, B.D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, and now head master of St. Olave's Grammar School, Southwark, to be head master of the Cheltenham Grammar School, in the place of Dr. Humphreys, whose departure from the school was sudden and scandalous.

The *Liverpool Mercury* announces the transfer of the *Northern Daily Times* to Mr. Thomas Ramsay, of Liverpool, was on Tuesday signed before Mr. Commissioner Perry. The new proprietor intends to conduct the paper, which has heretofore been Liberal, on Conservative principles.

The Liverpool papers give an account of the first *soirée* given by the Toxteth Literary Association, which took place at the rooms, Hill-street, Park-road, on Friday, the 8th inst. Mr. Latham, the president, was in the chair, and several papers were read.

It has been decided that the testimonial subscribed for by the electors and non-electors of York to Mr. Layard, who was one of the candidates at the last election for that city, shall be presented on the evening of the 21st inst. On the evening following the presentation, a public dinner will be given to Mr. Layard.

On Saturday last the first stone of a mechanics' institute was laid at Marsden, a little village about eight miles from Huddersfield. Subscriptions collected justify the expenditure of 2000*l.* upon the building, which will contain classrooms, library, reading and news-rooms, and a large hall capable of seating 1000 persons. When completed it will be the largest and handsomest village mechanics' institution in the country.

The new work entitled "A Life for a Life," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett. The same publishers also include in their list of works in the press: "Realities of Paris Life," by the author of "Flemish Interiors," &c.; "Female Influence," by Lady Charlotte Pepys; "The Life and Times of George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham," by Mrs. Thomson; "Raised to the Peerage," by Mrs. Octavius Owen; "Almost a Heroine," by the author of "Charles Auchester"; and new novels by Wilkie Collins, John E. Reade, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Howitt, and the author of "Margaret and Her Bridesmaids," &c.

At the sale of the late Dr. Squibbs's library on Saturday, the 9th inst., by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, in Leicester-square, an arm-chair belonging to Dr. Johnson was sold for 10*l.* 15*s.* The chair is an uncouth-looking piece of furniture of ample dimensions, and such as well became the proportions of the Doctor. Its new abode will be the library of Mr. Beaufoy, of South Lambeth, where it will find fitting company in the writing-desk of Thomson, the poet, already there. Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's house, where the sale took place, was formerly the residence of Sir Joshua Reynolds, where Johnson must have been a frequent visitor; the auction room being on the site of the famous octagon room, where Reynolds painted the wit and beauty of some three generations.

A correspondent of the *Morning Star* says: "The past week has been marked by the sale of two well-known periodicals. The *London Journal*, which by no means continued its previous course of prosperity in the hands of its late proprietor, has gone back to its old owner, Mr. Stiffe, as has indeed been already publicly announced, on terms which, it is rumoured, contrast somewhat with those on which the last sale was made. This would of course dissolve the injunction against the appearance of the *London Daily Journal*; but I believe that there is no present intention to resuscitate that interesting patient, which expired so suddenly after a three days' life. It did not do. The other is the *Welcome Guest*, which has, we hear, passed from Mr. Vizetelly to Mr. Maxwell, who is, I believe an advertising agent, and was for a short time one of the proprietors of the *Morning Herald*, after its sale under the bankruptcy of Mr. Baldwin."

On Saturday afternoon (the 2nd inst.) the prizes were distributed to the students at University College. Lord Palmerston presided; and Lord Brougham, Earl Fortescue, Lord Belper, and many other patrons and benefactors of the college were present. Professor Donaldson, Dean of the Faculty, read the report of the Council, which bore testimony to the excellent conduct of the students during the past year, there not having been a single case of irregularity brought before the court of discipline. The number of students on the roll was 205, being 28 more than in the preceding year. Of these, 115 were freshmen, or 11 more than matriculated in 1857-8. In consequence of the University of London no longer requiring a collegiate preparation in those seeking for its degrees, there has been a falling off in the numbers attending the schoolmasters' class, but still it last year contained the names of 36 students, so that the total number of students in the arts and law department was 241, or an increase of 13 on the year. As a memorial of Jewish emancipation, the members of that creed invested 1,000*l.* in the Three per Cent. Consols to found a scholarship in the college, and the late Baron Goldsmid bequeathed 3,000*l.* free

of duty, viz., 2,000*l.* to be applied to the foundation of a chair for Hebrew, and 1,000*l.* to that of a chair for geology. After the distribution of the scholarships and prizes, the assembly was addressed by Lord Palmerston and Lord Brougham. In the course of his observations, the latter stated that three or four years ago the office of Chancellor of the University of London had been tendered to him, it being then vacant by the resignation of the present Duke of Devonshire. Though greatly honoured by the offer, he (Lord Brougham) declined it—from no jealousy of that body, which arose out of this one—from no disinclination in consequence of this body having been refused the charter of a university, and obliged to continue as a college only—but simply because he considered that, as president of this college, his position was inconsistent with that of Chancellor of the University, for which he had the greatest respect, and which had admirably performed its functions. Among the students to whom prizes were awarded was a son of Kossuth's, who gained the second-year prize in the Fine Arts, and the first-year prize in Civil Engineering. The Council, after passing a vote of thanks to Viscount Palmerston for his kindness in acting as president, made the following appointments: Dr. Harley to the Professorship of Medical Jurisprudence, about to be resigned by Dr. Carpenter, in consequence of his being required to devote his whole time to the magistracy of the University of London; Mr. William Pole, member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, to the Professorship of Civil Engineering in the college, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Harman H. Lewis; Baron von Stung, Professor of Tamil, to the Professorship also of Hindustani, vacant in consequence of the resignation of Professor Dowson, appointed Professor of Hindustani at Sandhurst; Mr. Walter Bagehot, examiner, in conjunction with Professor Waley, for the Joseph Hume Scholarship in Political Economy, to be awarded at the commencement of the next academical year. A vote of thanks was also passed to the founders of the Jews' Commemoration Scholarship, respecting which a communication was received from Mr. Henry Faudel, the honorary secretary to the fund, as follows: "That in order to perpetuate the remembrance of the passing of the Act of the Legislature on the 23rd of July, 1858 (A.M. 5618), by which Jews were enabled to sit in Parliament on taking an oath consistent with their religious principles, and to testify to the electors of the city of London the grateful sense entertained by the Jews of this country of the exertions made in their behalf, and in favour of religious liberty, by the repeated election of Baron L. de Rothschild, a Jew, as one of their representatives in the House of Commons, University College, London, be presented with 1,000*l.* Consols from the Jews' Commemoration Fund, for the purpose of founding two scholarships of the value of 15*l.* a year each, tenable for two years, and so arranged that one may be vacant in each year; that the scholarships be given to that student among the students of the Faculty of Arts of not more than one year's standing in the college who shall be most distinguished by general proficiency and good conduct; that the scholarships shall be open to members of every religious denomination, and be given after the examination at the close of the session, but without any further special examination, and that the scholarship shall be awarded by the Council on the report of the Faculty of Arts."

A novelty in the advertising line has appeared in Paris in the form of a prospectus issued by a certain Signor Falconi, who purports to publish novels and romances from the pen of the best French authors (for the copyright of which he gives the best price) in a periodical collection called the "Livre d'Or," given gratis! The Signor declares that the title-page alone will be a *chef-d'œuvre*—red and blue, with a gold border—the type of the best quality, and the paper hot pressed. But the reverse of every page will be devoted to advertisements alone. The first romance of the "Gratis Library," as the series is called by Signor Falconi, is already in the press. It is by Alexandre Dumas, and entitled "Lorenzino di Medici." The first few sheets which have been sent abroad as specimens of the work give good ground for ridicule. Thus, at the bottom of the second page, "The Marquis paused and added—the cheapest panamas ever brought to Europe;" and again, a little further on, "The Marchesa sighed, and owned that she had never loved—cod-liver oil." And so on. A month cannot surely elapse without the "Gratis Library" being made to furnish the burthen of many a smart vaudeville.

It is stated that three new papers have been established in Milan—the *Lombardia*, which is to be the official organ of the new Government; *Il Lavoro*, a Radical weekly; and *La Gente Latina*, a Liberal daily paper.

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Williams's (S. W.) Chinese Commercial Guide, 4th edition, 8vo. 18s. boards

OBITUARY.

BOWEN, the Right Rev. Dr. J., Bishop of Sierra Leone, died on the 28th of May last, at Sierra Leone, of yellow fever. Considering that this is the third prelate of that see since its creation in 1852, it would appear that this dignity is a perilous one. Dr. Bowen was for some years a resident in Canada, and having come to this country in 1842, entered as a student of Trinity College, Dublin, where he in due course graduated. He was ordained by the present Bishop of Durham, who had at that time the episcopal supervision of the diocese of Ripon. In 1847 he went to Palestine and the East, and returned to England in 1851. Afterwards he visited Nineveh, where he formed the acquaintance of Mr. Layard, with whom he was associated during many of his investigations. He visited the East a second time in 1854, and came back to England again in 1856. Through Mr. Layard, who is a relative of Lady Huntly, Dr. Bowen received from the Marquis of Huntly a nomination to the rectory of Orton Longueville, near Peterborough, to which he was instituted by the Bishop of Ely in 1853. The parish having but a small population, he obtained without difficulty a licence for non-residence, in order that he might indulge in his Eastern travels. This living he held up to the time he was appointed to the bishopric of Sierra Leone, to which he was consecrated in the chapel of Lambeth Palace on the 23rd of September, 1857, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was assisted by the Bishop of Peterborough, and the Bishop of Victoria, who happened at that time to be in England. On the 13th of December, 1857, Bishop Bowen arrived at Sierra Leone, and on the 28th of May last he died in consequence of a malignant attack of yellow fever. Three bishops have thus been sacrificed to the terrible climate of Sierra Leone. The see was constituted in 1852, and the first bishop appointed was the Rev. Owen Emeric Vidal, of St. John's College, Cambridge. Incumbent of Trinity Church, Arlington, Sussex. He had not pursued his episcopal duties many months when he sickened and came back to England for the restoration of his health. Full of hope, he determined to return to his diocese, and on his passage back he died. He was succeeded in the episcopate by the Rev. John Wills Weeks, incumbent of St. Thomas's Church, Lambeth, who was consecrated in Lambeth parish church in 1855. He died at his post early in 1857, and was succeeded by Bishop Bowen. Upon the death of Dr. Weeks in 1857, several gentlemen holding high positions in the Church earnestly pressed upon the Government the desirableness of appointing to the vacant episcopate what the Rev. Canon Stowell had a short time previously designated in one of his speeches as "a real black bishop," there being many coloured African gentlemen in holy orders—ordained by the Bishops of London after satisfactory examination—who were accustomed to the climate, and eminently qualified by their general attainments, Christian character, and intimate acquaintance with the native population, to discharge the duties of the episcopal office; but their representations were unheeded. It now remains with the Duke of Newcastle, the Colonial Secretary, to nominate a fourth Bishop of Sierra Leone, who will have jurisdiction, as his predecessors have had, over the coast between 20 degrees north and 20 degrees south latitude, and more especially the colonies of Sierra Leone, the Gambia, the Gold Coast, and their dependencies. The gross income of the see is 900*l.* a year, being 500*l.* a year as the bishop's allowance as colonial chaplain, and 400*l.* a year from the Colonial Bishops' Fund.

FRENE, the Rev. Temple, M.A., Canon of Westminster Abbey, died at his rectory, Rye, near Diss, Norfolk, on Friday, the 8th, at the age of 80. Mr. Temple Frene was, as we believe, the son of the late John Frene, Esq., of Roydon, Norfolk, and Finningham, Suffolk, M.P. for Norwich, and took his B.A. degree at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1802, as eighth Junior Optime, migrating afterwards to his relative's College of Downing. He was ordained deacon in 1804, and priest in 1805. In 1820 he was instituted to the family living of Roydon, near Diss, which he held till his decease. He owned the greater part of Diss, and was very active as a magistrate for the Diss division. Having served for some time as chaplain to the House of Commons, he was gazetted to a canonry at Westminster, in December, 1838, in company with the Rev. Edward Repton, who had also held the same office. The canonry will be filled up, and is worth 1000*l.* a year. It is the first important piece of preferment which has fallen to Lord Palmerston's disposal.

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